

Hudibras, Part 1-3



Samuel Butler

(2750)

25-

163308

Poetry

Hudibras, Part 1-3

Samuel Butler



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HUDIBRAS

BY
SAMUEL BUTLER

PART I

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INTRODUCTION.

THE materials for the Life of Samuel Butler are very scanty. We meet everywhere with contradictory legends, but few facts really ascertained. Since the time when Dr. Johnson wrote his Life of Butler, criticism, literary and historical, has accomplished much in other directions, but for Butler it seems as if little more could now be done. Johnson himself, after sketching the leading facts of the great humourist's life, says:—‘In this mist of obscurity passed the life of Butler, a man whose name can only perish with his language. The mode and place of his education are unknown; the events of his life are variously related; and all that can be told with certainty is that he was poor.’

Confining ourselves as far as possible, for the purposes of this edition, to what is known, as distinguished from what is conjectured, we shall find, then, the record of Butler's life to be comprised in few words. Samuel Butler the poet was born in the parish of Strensham in Worcestershire, and was named after his father, one Samuel Butler, who rented a farm from Sir William Russel, and seems to have been a person of some social status amongst his neighbours, since he kept the parish registers

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and had at least sufficient education to write a fair hand. The poet was the fifth in a family of seven children, the fate of the remaining six being absolutely unknown. From the Russel family, however, the Butlers would probably have imbibed sufficient loyalty to cause the ruin of all who were less gifted than the poet. The entry of Butler's baptism bears the date February 8th, 1612, and he lived to the age of sixty-eight, dying in 1680.

Of Butler's education the accounts are very scanty and very unreliable. There seems to be little doubt that he was sent to the Cathedral School at Worcester, of which the head master was Mr. Henry Bright, who had the reputation of being one of the best schoolmasters of his day. If, as seems most likely, Butler never studied at either university, it is certain that his school training must have been unusually good to lay the foundation of a learning so minute and extensive as he afterwards possessed. As far as tradition goes, either Oxford or Cambridge may claim him; but the traditions are themselves so vague and even self-contradictory that we are driven to the conclusion that in all probability Butler's is one of the numerous cases where a man who has proved himself *facile princeps* in his particular department has owed none of his greatness to an academic training. The strongest evidence in favour of this theory is to be derived from the pecuniary position of his father. There were then no school exhibitions, tenable at the universities, at the Worcester Cathedral School, and the elder Samuel Butler, with his seven children to provide for, could hardly have been wealthy enough to bear the expenses of a collegiate education.

Soon after the completion of whatever education he did get, but at a date not accurately known, Butler was appointed clerk to one Mr. Jefferys of Earl's Croome in Worcestershire. Either during his tenure of this office or before his appointment to it, Butler seems to have studied English Law with much care and energy, compiling in 'law French' a complete syllabus of *Coke upon Littleton*, as well as transcribing an entire French Dictionary. (Cf. *Hudibras*, I. ii. 161.) From his employment with this gentleman he was transferred, at a date and by means of influence which are now alike untraceable, to the service of the Countess of Kent, where he had access to a plentiful supply of books, and a still greater advantage in the acquaintance of John Selden. The nature of his office in the household of the Countess is unknown, as also his reasons for leaving it.

But the more important portion of Butler's life commences with his next service. His stores of general learning doubtless increased rapidly during his residence at Wrest under the patronage of the Countess of Kent. But it was on quitting that position, and taking up his abode with Sir Samuel Luke at Cople Hoo near Bedford, that Butler was first brought into daily contact with the manners and customs he was to know so intimately, and whose extravagances he was destined to ridicule in the masterpiece of English burlesque.

Sir Samuel Luke was a Presbyterian officer, a colonel in the army of the Parliament, and much trusted by Cromwell. He is the probable original of *Hudibras*; though it will have to be hereafter decided, as far as may be, to what extent he must share that honour with others. From the time when

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Butler entered this service until the Restoration, we hear no more of him, though he must evidently have been then collecting materials for his great poem ; and it is curious to think of the consummate prudence and ability Butler must have possessed, to enable him to wait and watch in silence and make no sign, the smile suppressed upon his lip, and the biting jest stored up in his unfailing memory, or secretly committed to paper ; mixing freely with the assemblies for war, for prayer, for council, so frequent at the house of his employer, yet in that age of universal suspicion, noticing all things, revealing nothing.

Almost immediately after the Restoration, Butler was appointed secretary to the Earl of Carbery and steward of Ludlow Castle. It seems clear that, considering the nature of his last employment, he must have been favourably known in influential quarters. It is important to remark that this appointment preceded the publication of *Hudibras*, and therefore was in no sense an acknowledgment by the Court of Butler's literary merits. And in view of the fact that Butler had not as yet rendered any service to the Royalist cause, it is of course premature to accuse the Court of ingratitude, as Dr. Johnson does, in not having given the poet a better post. Nor was the post itself altogether contemptible. It was a public and not a private secretaryship, and it is to be feared that only too many whose services had been far more important than Butler's had proved up to this date, had to endure a lot much worse than his.

It was about this time, but at a date not certainly fixed, that Butler married a Mrs. Herbert. It is

reported that she was possessed of some fortune, which was lost through being invested on bad security. There is no valid evidence that she was a widow. The title 'Mrs.' was then accorded to all ladies of any claim to social position, whether married or not, and its subsequent restriction to married ladies has caused many errors, and may have had something to do with the too ready acceptance of the theory that Butler married a widow. There is a curious contradiction amongst authorities as to her property. Some hold that Butler lived on it comfortably, others that he died in extreme want. The loss of the property by the failure of the securities may account for the discrepancy, and for some other matters which require explanation. If the income of the securities was at first regularly paid, Butler may have had means to live for a time comfortably, and may by this have been induced to give up his appointment as Lord Carbery's secretary and steward of Ludlow Castle. There seems no other explanation of his abandoning this post while he had very little hope of a better; and the same supposition would explain also his subsequent state of poverty, after having held a comparatively lucrative position.

The great event of Butler's life now happens. In 1663, according to the date on the title-page, was published the first edition of the First Part of *Hudibras*.¹ Rarely indeed has any book had such a reception. Every one bought it, every one quoted it, some tried to imitate it, many pirated it. Pepys reports of it as 'the book most in fashion.' Poor Pepys it wholly victimized. He bought it for half-

¹ It actually appeared at the end of 1662.

a-crown, quite failed to see the point of it, and sold it to a friend for eighteenpence ; only to be compelled, by the resistless force of fashion, to buy new copies when the Second Part came out, though he owns he can never 'see where the wit lies.' To a mind impervious to a joke the success of *Hudibras* must have seemed indeed mysterious. The king quoted the book constantly and carried it in his pocket. Courtiers vied with one another as to who should know it best ; the portrait of the author was hung in the rooms of admitted leaders of fashion. There was no escape in society from *Hudibras*, the duller spirits that could not comprehend dared not condemn.

Literary success, however, brought no material prosperity to Butler. He was praised and quoted and made the fashion, but he does not seem to have been rewarded. But a success so great, even though limited in its results, could not fail to tempt Butler to renew the pleasures of literary triumph. In 1663 he brought out the Second Part of *Hudibras*, and so diligently had the portion earliest published been imitated and pirated, that it was found needful to assure the public that this Second Part was "by the author of the first." It was received with no less approbation than its predecessor, and brought no greater profit. For fifteen years after this date we have hardly any reliable tidings of the poet, and can only frame conjectures as to how he lived. In 1678 the Third Part of *Hudibras* appeared, and two years later, in 1680, old, poverty-stricken, and disappointed, Samuel Butler breathed his last in Rose Street, Covent Garden, and was buried in the neighbouring churchyard of St. Paul's. It was not until forty years after his

death that Butler's memory was honoured with a stone in Westminster Abbey, and its erection at last was due to the private generosity of a certain Mr. Barber, then Lord Mayor of London.

Though *Hudibras* was the greatest, it was not the only work of Butler. In 1759 were published *Genuine Remains in Prose and Verse*, containing Characters (including the scathing 'Character of the Duke of Buckingham'), Poems, Thoughts, &c. The *Posthumous Works*, published in 1715–17, are generally considered to be spurious, with the exception of the 'Pindaric Ode on Claude Duval.' A discussion in full of what can be at best but probabilities would be out of place in such a work as this; it need only therefore be said, that a careful balancing of internal evidence has convinced the present editor that the spuriousness of these works has been too hastily pronounced upon, and that many of them are perfectly genuine, notably the *Memoirs of the Years 1649–50*.

In any attempt at a critical estimation of Butler's great work, the most obvious danger is that into which Dr. Johnson accused Dryden of having fallen, of really only expressing a wish that Butler had undertaken a different task. It is impossible to judge fairly of any literary work unless its purpose and aim are kept clearly before us. Butler's aim was ridicule, and to this aim all was subordinated. Learning he had in plenty, extensive, curious, and minute. In fact, Butler is generally accurate even when quaintest; cf. his account of Empedocles, I. ii. l. But though much learning is displayed, it is not the display, but the ridicule of the display, that is ever Butler's purpose. Knowledge only serves to

supply him with materials for his unfailing fancy to weave into the most uncouth forms. The burning questions of the day, that had been agitating all men's minds,—the real inner life of the England of Butler's time—are with consummate skill and ease inextricably blended with the ancient mythology or with subtle questions of metaphysics, in a juxtaposition hopelessly fatal to the dignity of both. Yet Butler could have written, could probably have even excelled in, polished verse had he been so inclined (cf. I. iii. 157 *sq.*). Measure, matter, and style of diction were all deliberately chosen for the same purpose and maintained with equal skill.

But while the form and style of the poem are thus original, the general idea was clearly a borrowed one. Before Butler wrote, Thomas Skelton had already translated into English the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes. This romance furnished Butler with all the rudiments of his plan. The Knight, the squire Ralph, even the Knight's horse, are all closely related to the characters similarly placed in the romance of *Don Quixote*. But the extravagances of *Don Quixote* are those of a really noble mind, whilst Hudibras has no redeeming feature, and Ralpho as a character is beneath contempt. Of the satire *Don Quixote* Butler's *Hudibras* is a burlesque. Cowardly, hypocritical, covetous, glutinous, unclean of life and speech and thought, Sir Hudibras would move our anger but for the art of the humourist, which never allows our indignation to get the better of our mirth. It is much to be regretted that Butler's taste was not refined enough to cause him to recoil from grossness. But even in this respect his unscrupulousness gave him a kind of advantage. Wishing to make

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his Hudibras as ridiculous as possible, he was ready to catch at any means which presented for that end, and therein at least he was successful, even though the means were occasionally foul.

It is naturally a question of much interest as to who or what was the precise object at which were aimed the shafts of such keen jesting. The answer to this question is very variously given. The student will find in the notes a summary of the leading theories as to the original of Hudibras; it need only be said here that there is much room for doubt as to whether Butler always consistently maintained the same purpose in this respect. As a general rule Sir Samuel Luke may be considered to have undoubtedly been the original. The coincidence of the exception of the real Sir Samuel from the Self-Denying Ordinance, in order that he might continue as governor of Newport, with the lines (I. ii. 983)—

'You are, great Sir,
A self-denying conqueror,'

seems too strong to be other than intentional. But it is nevertheless only a very few lines further on (I. ii. 1046) that Butler's purpose unmistakably is to ridicule, under the name of Hudibras, the Parliamentary party as a whole. Quarter given "in your name" may nevertheless be disregarded—so the Squire argues to the Knight; and the Royalists, exultant in the Restoration, and with the events of the war fresh in their memories, would understand and relish the point of the satire.

In fact Butler's fame, though justly due in the first place to his own merits, owes not a little to a bountiful concurrence of those favouring circum-

stances without which merit, however great, can never win renown. The country was thoroughly weary of the extremes to which Puritan asceticism had been carried, and success having now taken off the edge of men's anger, they were fully ready to laugh at opponents whom they had not long since both hated and feared. And *Hudibras* gave them something to laugh at. To the public to which it was issued it appealed with irresistible force. Allusions to the events of the late war were then readily comprehended and enjoyed: the same allusions for whose explanation the modern editor must doubtfully grope amongst black-letter broadsides and *Mercuries*. The time was fully ripe for *Hudibras* when *Hudibras* appeared. It realized and more than realized men's desires. A satire was wanted of which little more would be demanded than that it should hit hard enough. *Hudibras* hit hard enough in all conscience, and was of great literary merit besides. Therefore its success was no marvel, however marvellous its composition and its appearance just in the nick of time.

There is here a point to which a little more attention may well be bestowed. If "easy reading means hard writing," there must have been indeed much labour devoted to *Hudibras*. We know that Butler kept a commonplace book for recording thoughts and materials. There seems to be internal evidence, even apart from the mere magnitude of the task, that the materials of *Hudibras* had been long undergoing collection, and that the First Part was certainly not composed in the interval between its publication and the Restoration. Some at least of the satirical allusions are evidently presented to us much as they suggested themselves to Butler at

the very time of the events to which they apply and which gave them being. Thus if it be asked what is the actual time of the action of *Hudibras*, it would appear that to this question, as to the other on the original of the Knight, there is no one consistent answer. For example the passage about Waller (I. ii. 497)—

‘While the proud Vies your trophies boast
And unavenged walks [Waller’s] ghost,’

would point clearly to the month of July, 1643, as the date when it was written. And a little below (l. 513) “we make war” points by its use of the present tense, to a date antecedent to the Self-Denying Ordinance of 1645; since after the reorganization of the army, which followed on that Ordinance, the fiction of fighting against the king by his authority was generally dropped, and the king’s name, which had been inserted in the commission of Essex, was omitted from that of Fairfax. Yet in the very same passage there is a familiar allusion to the Solemn League and Covenant, which was not taken by the Parliament till September 1643, and in I. ii. 984 there is a clear reference to the Self-Denying Ordinance. That Hudibras should charge the people to desist from their bear-baiting “in the name of king and parliament” (I. ii. 661), and yet be himself declared at the end of the fray thereon resulting “a self-denying conqueror,” shows pretty clearly that the two lines were composed at different times. There are not wanting other indications that the progress of composition had been slow. One instance, in itself trifling enough, is found in I. iii. 155, where Butler restores to Bruin’s nose the ring from which

he had broken loose in I. ii. 900. Butler evidently had forgotten the earlier line when he composed the later; and it is fair to suppose that a memory so remarkable would only fail, even in so small a point, after the lapse of some considerable time.

The conclusion to which such indications would seem to point is, that Butler was constantly adding to his store of materials during the actual progress of the Civil War, and that when the Restoration came *Hudibras* was finished, so far as concerns the First Part, with comparative haste. The materials which had occupied many years in their collection, were now stitched together somewhat rapidly: with great skill, it is true, yet not so finely blended but that a patient eye can detect some of the joins.

So far then the student of *Hudibras* has a task in which industry will ensure success. To follow Butler through the events of the war it needs only to know those events well, and especially to know them as they presented themselves to the Royalist side in the dispute. To this end Clarendon's *History of the Great Rebellion* should be well known, and Clement Walker's *History of Independency* and John Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy of the Church of England* may be freely consulted with advantage; the student not of course forgetting to make himself familiar with the Parliamentary aspect of the quarrel by reading Neal's *History of the Puritans*.

But to follow Butler in all his allusions is now almost impossible. Some of the events to which he refers cannot now be traced, whilst of necessity much of the thought and many of the sayings of his day have found no other record than his own passing reference. And Butler's own learning was

so extensive that few men can equal him ; whilst at the same time it would be necessary that any reader who should really understand and enjoy his *Hudibras*, without the aid of any commentary, should possess a knowledge coextensive with that of its author.

There are some few matters, however, of first importance in the history of the time, a comprehension of which will much aid the student. Hudibras and his Squire are united against the common enemy, but never fail in the absence of that enemy to fall to wrangling with each other. Here is the struggle between the Puritans and Independents which, with the common enmity of both to the Episcopacy, formed the leading features in that age of English religion. We can have now little idea of the rancour of the hatred which these Christians bore to one another. Sir Walter Scott in his *Woodstock* has well painted the breaking up of old friendships and absolute severance of man from man which were then the fruits of theological differences. It is of course quite out of the power of a mere introduction to do justice to the gradual rise and progress of these differences, but a few leading points may be briefly noted, and the student who desires to pursue the subject further can do so in the original authorities quoted.

By the year 1643 the rupture of the Parliament with Prelacy was pretty complete, and the nation had to face the constructive side of the theological problem, the side which in all problems is the most difficult. In June, 1643, was summoned the 'Westminster Assembly of Divines,' to meet for the first time on the first day of the following July, for deliberation on and settlement of the religious affairs of the state.

The theory was that prelacy was extinct, that there was still in England a Christian religion, which, however, had to be organized into a national church so governed as to maintain the rights of a church on the one hand, and yet not interfere on the other with the civil liberties of the nation, as prelacy had done. Now, whatever may be thought as to the probability of the future success of attempts to construct a mean theology satisfactory to all parties, by a process of compromise between the propositions laid down by one sect and their contraries as upheld by another, it may at least be safely asserted that no such attempt has succeeded in the past. The Westminster Assembly was to have partaken of the nature of such an attempt ; its history is therefore the history of a failure—of a struggle between extremists, rather than of the mutual conciliations of moderate men.

The Assembly met, however, as appointed, its members all subscribing the following declaration : ‘I, A. B., do seriously promise and vow in the presence of Almighty God, that in this Assembly whereof I am a member I will maintain nothing in point of doctrine but what I believe to be most agreeable to the Word of God, nor in point of discipline but what I shall conceive to conduce most to the glory of God and the good and peace of His church.’ Every Monday morning during the sitting of the Assembly this declaration was read aloud to the members present. The parties originally composing it were principally Episcopalian, Puritans, and Independents. Of these the last held that the whole power of church government should lie with each particular congregation, and they allowed of no other enforcement of church discipline save admonition.

In those days the wisdom of universal toleration was always and only perceived by the weaker party ; and the Independents were then weak, and therefore, until they gained power, declared themselves in favour of tolerance (Cf. I. ii. 1009 and note). Their leaders were Dr. T. Goodwin, Philip Nye, Jeremiah Burrows, William Bridge, and Dr. Sidrach Simpson, who are known as 'The Five Dissenting Brethren.' There were also in the assembly Erastians, who renounced church discipline altogether, and made the pastoral office persuasive only ; and the four Scottish ministers, Alexander Henderson, George Gillespie, Samuel Rutherford, and Robert Baillie, this last the writer of the well-known Letters and Journals which have remained one of the authorities for the history.

It will readily appear from the above facts that the chief danger to the Assembly was comprised in the questions appertaining to church discipline and government. So it was seen clearly enough in the Assembly itself ; and after the early retirement of the Episcopalian members, the struggle did not at once commence though the field was left clear. The dangerous questions of government and discipline were postponed. The Covenant passed the General Assembly in August, 1643, and Parliament enjoined the taking of it on all persons over the age of eighteen. Meantime, the 'Committees of Religion' of the House of Commons were hard at work, and in that work at least the Assembly could have its share without any great fear of doctrinal difficulties. The chief of these Committees were the 'Committee for Scandalous Ministers,' and the 'Committee for Plundered Ministers,' the titles being conferred of

course from the Parliamentary point of view, and the latter being known naturally enough to the Royalists as the 'Committee for Plundering Ministers.' In fact, in those times it may be said with not so very great unfairness, that a minister who did not belong to my particular party was a 'scandalous minister' in my eyes, and if my party was in power he stood a fair chance of becoming a 'plundered minister' in his own. These two Committees were at first separately appointed. As early as 1640, a Committee of the whole House of Commons had been formed 'to consider the scandalous immoralities of the clergy,' and as complaints poured in faster than they could be dealt with, this Committee had to be subdivided, and in November of the same year the Sub-committee was appointed to take means to replace the 'scandalous ministers' by 'preaching ministers.' This was the 'Committee for Scandalous Ministers,' and not even this could do the work fast enough, and it had to be again subdivided. The 'Committee for Plundered Ministers' was first appointed in 1642, to devise means for the relief of the Puritan clergy who had been driven out of their cures by the King's forces; and since the simplest way to provide for these was obviously to substitute them for the 'malignant' clergy, this Committee for Plundered Ministers had really the same work to do as the former Committee for Scandalous Ministers, with the additional power of putting a nominee of their own in the room of the displaced malignant. Henceforth therefore these two Committees were virtually united, and remained so to the end of the Long Parliament. In this work the Assembly of Divines had to assist; and early in 1643 they ap-

pointed a Committee of their own number to examine and approve such of the clergy as applied for the sequestered livings. This was the 'Committee of Divines for Examination,' and is the best known of the committees of the Assembly. The above are the committees of which we hear so much in *Hudibras*, together with the more local committees appointed for the management of the parliamentary affairs in particular districts, and which seem to have, perhaps unavoidably, carried things with so high a hand.

The unanimity of the Assembly, however, was not to last very long. The same autumn that saw the amalgamation of the two Committees for Ministers witnessed also an order, sent from Parliament to the Assembly, that they should proceed to draw up the scheme of Church Discipline and Directory of Public Worship. This was the signal for the breaking out of the strife which is burlesqued in *Hudibras*. In the January of the next year, 1644, the Presbyterian form of government appearing to be pretty certainly in favour with the majority of the Assembly, the five 'Dissenting Brethren' above named published a protest which they called an 'Apologetical Narration,' and submitted it to the Houses of Parliament. This gave great offence to their opponents both in the Assembly and out of it, as it was considered to be an attempt to take an unfair advantage in the course of a yet undecided dispute. Answers to the 'Narration' poured forth from all quarters, and the strife spread from Westminster over the country. The one hope of keeping the peace in the Assembly lay in procrastination, which only put off the evil day. In May the Directory for Public Worship was again proceeded with, but only to bring on to the carpet

the long-dreaded discussion as to the Lord's Supper, on which any approach to agreement was hopeless. The questions as to Ordination and Church Government were as bad. The dispute as to ordination brought out the differences between the Presbyterians and Independents into strong relief. Briefly, the Presbyterians were in favour of church rule by the church as a whole; the Independents maintaining that it should be in the hands of the separate congregations. So on this question of ordination, to the motion that 'preaching Presbyters only should ordain,' the Independents offered a stubborn resistance, protesting that not even the necessity the church was in to provide herself somehow with ministers could justify the ordination by 'Ministers of this City,' unless there had been previous election by some church; meaning by 'church,' some 'congregation.' At length it was carried after ten days of debate, 'that no single congregation that can conveniently associate itself with others should assume to itself the sole right of Ordination.' But the greatest strife of all arose in 1645, when the form and regulation of Church Government actually came under discussion. Presbyterians and Independents agreed 'that there is a certain form of Church Government laid down in the New Testament which is of Divine institution.' But this was the end of the concord. When it was moved from the Presbyterian side 'that the Scripture holds forth that many particular congregations may, and by *Divine institution* ought, to be under one Presbyterial government,' the Independents resisted it for fifteen days, and for fifteen days more maintained in their turn the Divine institution of a scheme of Church Government by individual

congregations. The question was fought by the most minute enquiries into the constitution of the primitive church at Jerusalem; the Independents maintaining that it was not larger than could meet ‘in one place’ (Acts i. 15; ii. 1; ii. 46; v. 12; v. 14); the Presbyterians insisting on the other hand that the church was made up of more congregations than one, as appeared from their different languages (Acts ii. and vi.), and that these separate congregations are nevertheless called one church (Acts viii. 1). On similar grounds and by similar methods was argued the question as to Synods, of which we hear much in *Hudibras*. The appeal of the Church at Antioch to the Church at Jerusalem (Acts xv. 2) was the chief authority for the central scheme of Presbyterian government—the subordination of synods; whilst the Independents declared the authority to be inapplicable, inasmuch as the appeal quoted was only for advice, and not for a decision such as a superior court would accord to an inferior. The Presbyterian view prevailed in both cases in the Assembly. But in the Parliament the combined Erastian and Independent influences succeeded in expunging the doctrine of the *Jus Divinum* from the form in which the recommendation of the Assembly was finally adopted, so that it should read thus: ‘That it is lawful and agreeable to the Word of God that the Church be governed by Congregational, Classical, and Synodical Assemblies.’ It was in vain that the Presbyterians petitioned the Parliament and agitated outside, the Commons stood firm in their refusal to admit of the Divine institution of the synodical government. [Cf. *Hudibras*, I. iii. 1085 sq.]

The struggle over the question of Church

Discipline and the 'Power of the Keys' was no less severe. The Assembly claimed this power for the Presbytery in words so important for the comprehension of the Third Canto of the First Part of *Hudibras*, that they may be here quoted: 'The Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven were committed to the officers of the Church by virtue whereof they have power respectively to retain and remit sins, to shut the Kingdom of Heaven against the impenitent both by the Word and censures, and to open it to the penitent by absolution; and to prevent the profanation of the Holy Sacrament by notorious and obstinate offenders, the said officers are to proceed by admonition, suspension from the sacrament of the Lord's Supper for a season, and by excommunication from the Church, according to the nature of the crime and demerit of the person.'¹ [Cf. *Hudibras*, I. iii. 1125–1148.] The same powers were claimed by the Independents on behalf of each congregation. The Erastians still protested against suspension or excommunication in any form, and they were aided in the House of Commons by a speech from Selden. In final result the Parliament passed the Ordinance for Excommunication, but fenced round the power with limitations, and allowed of an appeal from the Presbytery to the Classical Elderships, and from them to the Provincial Assembly, and from them to the National, and from them to the Parliament.

Here, then, are the various assemblies on which Ralph pours out the vials of his wrath. The best conception of their nature may perhaps be obtained from the 'Propositions concerning Church Government and Ordination of Ministers,' published in

¹ Cf. Neal's *History of the Puritans*, Vol. III. Chap. VI.

London in 1647. The following extracts from that work will perhaps make the relations of such assemblies to each other, as well as their own nature, tolerably clear.

'Of Church Government and the several sorts of Assemblies for the same. It is lawful and agreeable to the Word of God that the Church should be governed by several sorts of Assemblies, which are Congregational, Classical, and Synodical.

'Of the Power in Common of all these Assemblies. It is lawful and agreeable to the Word of God that the several assemblies before mentioned have power to call before them any person within their several bounds whom the ecclesiastical business which is before them doth concern ; proved by Matt. chap. xviii. . . . It is lawful and agreeable to the Word of God that all the said assemblies have some power to dispense Church censures.

'Of Congregational Assemblies. The meeting of the ruling officers of a particular congregation for the rule thereof. The ruling officers of a congregation have power authoritatively to call before them any member of the congregation as they shall see just occasion ; to enquire into the knowledge and spiritual estate of the several members of the congregation ; to admonish and rebuke. . . .

'Of Classical Assemblies. The Scripture doth hold out a Presbytery and a Church, both in the First Epistle to Timothy, chap. iv. verse 14, and in Acts xv. verses 2, 4, 6. Presbytery consisteth of ministers of the Word, and such other public officers as are agreeable to and warranted by the Word of God to be church governors, to join with the ministers in the government of the church, as appeareth, Rom. xii. 7, 8;

1 Cor. xii. 28. The Scripture doth hold forth that many congregations may be under one Presbyterial government.

'Of Synodical Assemblies.' The Scripture doth hold out another sort of assemblies for the government of the Church besides Classical and Congregational, all which we call Synodical; Acts xv. Pastors and teachers and other church governors (as also other fit persons when it shall be deemed expedient) are members of those assemblies which we call Synodical, when they have a lawful calling thereunto.

'Synodical assemblies may lawfully be of several sorts, as Provincial, National, and Ecumenical.'

'It is lawful and agreeable to the Word of God that there be a subordination of Congregational, Classical, Provincial, and National Assemblies for the government of the Church.'¹

The above are the leading propositions of Presbyterianism such as Hudibras would maintain and Ralpho would oppose, and these are debated by Squire and Knight, because in Butler's time these

¹ The student who desires to look into these questions for himself, and make himself acquainted with their history, will find benefit from the following amongst other works:—

Propositions concerning Church Government and Ordination of Ministers. London, 1647, 12mo.

An Answer to those Questions Propounded by the Parliament to the Assembly of Divines, touching Jus Divinum in Matters of Church Government. London, 1646.

The Main Points of Church Government and Discipline, plainly and modestly handled by way of Question and Answer. 1648, 12mo.

History of the Westminster Assembly of Divines. By W. M. Hetherington, New York, 1843.

[All the above are indexed in the British Museum Catalogue under 'England, Divines, Assembly of.')

Robert Baillie's Letters, &c.

Neal's *History of the Puritans*, Vol. III.

INTRODUCTION.

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were the questions of which all men's minds were full, and the discussions that were on every tongue.

But though these two sects are thus prominent, Butler's humour does not confine itself, nor was public attention wholly engrossed, within the limits of Presbyterianism and Independency alone. Outside the doors of the Westminster Assembly there was a legion of sects springing up, much as if the Parliament had sown again the dragon's teeth. Amongst these we may notice the Anabaptists, made subjects by Butler of some of the keenest satire that has ever been written in English. [Cf. *Hudibras*, I. i. 509 *sq.*] Their doctrines mostly found favour amongst the poorer classes. Being formidable to nobody and obnoxious to everybody, they seem to have been treated with as much justice as such persons in such times may reasonably expect, that is, with none at all. Fines and imprisonment forced some of their ministers into recantation, but the oppressions of authority produced their inevitable results in the spread of the cause against which they were directed. The Anabaptists rapidly increased in numbers, and soon became divided amongst themselves. General Baptists, Particular Baptists, Latter Day Saints, Fifth Monarchy Men, were thus jostling one another outside the doors of the Assembly of Divines, whilst Puritans and Independents were quarrelling within. It will be obvious to the student that Butler's materials for satire must have been abundant and ready to his hand. It requires but the calm observer—that looker-on who sees most of the game—to find boundless mirth in the absurdities into which even an honest enthusiasm is sure to run when judgment drops the reins.

But though for the enjoyment of *Hudibras* it may be necessary to see for the time being with the eyes of its author, the student, one need hardly say, must beware of drawing from Butler his conclusions as to the real course of events in those days, or as to the rights and wrongs of the struggle between King and Parliament. The men of that time who fall under the lash of Butler's satire were many of them grand men who fought a grand fight. The ridicule aimed at them by Butler may provoke our mirth, but it cannot cancel the debt their country owes them, nor efface their claim to the gratitude of each liberty-loving Englishman who knows the story of his fatherland.

It only remains to say that the labour of editing *Hudibras* is necessarily severe, and that the present editor has to acknowledge his obligations to various predecessors, without whose aid he would have set himself more than a life-task. Had it not been for the sympathetic industry of Dr. Zachary Grey, which has been freely laid under contribution here, a great deal of *Hudibras* would be by now but faintly understood. It is hoped, however, that the references here given will be found correct, a point in which Grey is often at fault. There are other editions of *Hudibras*, but from them the editor has derived but small assistance. Thanks are due to Dr. W. E. Grigsby, of the Inner Temple, for the explanations he has kindly furnished of many of Butler's now antiquated legal phrases. The text generally followed is that of 1674, after collation with other editions.

It is unfortunately necessary to point out that Butler is very frequently coarse. In this edition

the impurities have been rigidly expurgated by the omission, whenever possible, of the *whole* passage in which anything objectionable occurs, no exception being allowed in favour even of such indecent passages as are directly quoted from Scripture. For convenience of class teaching the original numbering of the lines has been preserved.

In conclusion it must be observed that the editor's aim has only been the modest one of usefulness. He will be satisfied if that aim has not been altogether missed—at least he would plead that by that aim he may be judged..

A. M.

August, 1881.

HUDIBRAS.

PART I.—CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
The manner how he sallied forth ;
His arms and equipage are shown ;
His horse's virtues, and his own.
Th' adventure of the bear and fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.*

WHEN civil fury first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why ;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion, as for punk ;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore :
When Gospel-Trumpeter, surrounded
With long-eared rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick ;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.
A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood ;

That never bent his stubborn knee
To any thing but Chivalry ;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
2 Right worshipful on shoulder-blade :
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for cartel or for warrant ;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle ;
3 Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of war, as well as peace.
So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.
But here our authors make a doubt
30 Whether he were more wise, or stout :
Some hold the one, and some the other ;
But howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweighed his rage but half a grain ;
33 Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, called a fool ;
For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
40 Much more she would Sir Hudibras ;
For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.
But they're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was not such ;
45 We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it ;
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holy-days, or so,
50 As men their best apparel do.

Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak ;
That Latin was no more difficult,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle :
55 Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted ;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
60 To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty, as sufficed
To make some think him circumcised ;
And truly so, perhaps, he was,
'Tis many a pious Christian's case.
65 He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic ;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south, and south-west side ;
On either which he would dispute,
70 Confute, change hands, and still confute ;
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse ;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
75 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks Committee-men and Trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination.
All this by syllogism, true
80 In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope ;
And when he happened to brake off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,

85 H' had hard words, ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by ;
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk.
For all a rhetorician's rules
90 Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleased to show't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich ;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect.
95 It was a parti-coloured dress
Of patched and piebald languages ;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin ;
It had an old promiscuous tone
100 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one ;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel ;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
105 This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent :
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large ;
For he could coin, or counterfeit
110 New words, with little or no wit ;
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on ;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em ;
115 That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
When he harangued, but known his phrase
He would have used no other ways.

In mathematics he was greater
120 Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater:
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve, by sines and tangents straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight,
125 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike by Algebra.
Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over;
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
130 He understood b' implicit faith:
Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.
135 All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion served, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
140 That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts;
145 Where entity and quiddity,
The ghost of defunct bodies fly;
Where truth in person does appear,
Like words congealed in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
150 As metaphysic wit can fly.
In school-divinity as able
As he that hight Irrefragable;

A second Thomas, or, at once
To name them all, another Duns ;
.53 Profound in all the Nominal
And Real ways, beyond them all :
And, with as delicate a hand,
Could twist as tough a rope of sand ;
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
.60 That's empty when the moon is full ;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice ;
.65 As if Divinity had catched
The itch, on purpose to be scratched ;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to show with how small pain
.70 The sores of Faith are cured again ;
Although by woful proof we find,
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies ;
.75 And, as he was disposed, could prove it,
Below the moon, or else above it :
What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
Came from her closet in his side :
Whether the devil tempted her
.80 By an High Dutch interpreter ;
If either of them had a navel :
Who first made music malleable :
Whether the serpent, at the fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all.
.85 All this, without a gloss, or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,

In proper terms, such as men smatter
When they throw out, and miss the matter.
For his Religion, it was fit
190 To match his learning and his wit ;
'Twas Presbyterian true blue ;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant ;
195 Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun ;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery ;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
200 By apostolic blows, and knocks ;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done ;
205 As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect, whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies ;
In falling out with that or this,
210 And finding somewhat still amiss ;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick.
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way ;
215 Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to :
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipped God for spita.
The self-same thing they will abhor
220 One way, and long another for.

Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow.
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
225 Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly ;
Quarrel with minced-pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend—plum-porridge ;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
230 And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linked,
235 As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got the advowson of his conscience.
Thus was he gifted and accoutered,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward :
That next of all we shall discuss ;
240 Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus :
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face ;
In cut and die so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile ;
245 The upper part whereof was whey,
The nether orange, mixed with grey.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns ;
With grisly type did represent
250 Declining age of government,
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the state's were made.
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue ;

255 Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfall:
It was canonic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow;
Of rule as sullen and severe
260 As that of rigid Cordeliere:
'Twas bound to suffer persecution
And martyrdom with resolution;
T' oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state,
265 In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pulled and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortured,
Reviled, and spit upon, and martyred:
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
270 As long as monarchy should last;
But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state,
275 Whose thread of life the fatal sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever;
But with his rusty sickle mow
280 Both down together at a blow.
His back, or rather burthen, showed
As if it stooped with its own load:
For as Æneas bore his sire
285 Upon his shoulders through the fire,
Our knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back;
Which now had almost got the upper-
Hand of his head, for want of crupper.

275 To poise this equally, he bore
A paunch of the same bulk before,
Which still he had a special care
To keep well-crammed with thrifty fare ;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
300 Such as a country-house affords ;
With other victual, which anon
We farther shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.
305 His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who feared no blows but such as bruise.
His breeches was of rugged woollen,
310 And had been at the siege of Bullen ;
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Though they were lined with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
315 And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood :
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
320 The ammunition to surprise ;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t' other magazine,
They stoutly on defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood ;
325 And till th' were stormed and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortified redoubt ;
And though knights errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,

Because when thorough deserts vast,
330 And regions desolate, they passed
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they grazed, there's not one word
Of their provision on record ;
335 Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs but to fight.
'Tis false ; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingale,
On which, with shirt pulled out behind,
340 And eke before, his good knights dined.
Though 'twas no table some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk hose,
In which he carried as much meat,
As he and all the knights could eat,
345 When laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digressed ;
As learned authors use, to whom
350 We leave it, and to th' purpose come.
His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was tied,
With basket-hilt that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both.
355 In it he melted lead for bullets,
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets ;
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
360 For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of some body to hew and hack.

The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt ;
355 For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorned to lurk in case,
As if it durst not show its face.
In many desperate attempts,
370 Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appeared with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder ;
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And prisoners too, or made them run.
375 This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age :
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights errant do.
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
380 Either for fighting or for drudging :
When it had stabbed, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread,
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care :
385 'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth :
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this, and more, it did endure ;
But left the trade, as many more
390 Have lately done, on the same score.
In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
Two aged pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get.
395 These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent ;

And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as th' ablest trap.
They were upon hard duty still,
400 And ev'ry night stood sentinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose,
From two-legged, and from four-legged foes.
Thus clad and fortified, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
405 But first with nimble active force,
He got on th' outside of his horse:
For having but one stirrup tied
T' his saddle on the further side,
It was so short, h' had much ado
410 To reach it with his desperate toe.
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle-eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat,
With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
415 That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight; but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he used instead of rein.
But now we talk of mounting steed,
420 Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant bumpkin.
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
425 I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his gait,
Preserved a grave, majestic state;
At spur or switch no more he skipped,
430 Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipped;

And yet so fiery, he would bound
As if he grieved to touch the ground ;
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender-hoofed,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft ;
And as that beast would kneel and stoop,
Some write, to take his rider up,
So Hudibras his, 'tis well-known,
Would often do, to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back ;
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of knight galled full as bad.
His strutting ribs on both sides showed
Like furrows he himself had ploughed ;
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel.
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flurt,
Still as his tender side he pricked,
With armed heel, or with unarmed, kicked.
A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half.
Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one ;
And when we can, with metre safe,
We'll call him so, if not, plain Ralph ;
For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their cour.
An equal stock of wit and valour
He had laid in ; by birth a tailor ;
The mighty Tyrian queen that gained,
With subtle shreds, a tract of land,

CANTO I.]

HUDIBRAS.

Did leave it, with a castle fair,
To his great ancestor, her heir;
From him descended cross-legged knights,
Famed for their faith and warlike fights
Against the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they destroyed both great and small.
This sturdy Squire had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace.
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't;
Some call it Gifts, and some New-light;
A liberal art that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wits were sent him for a token,
But in the carriage cracked and broken;
Like commendation nine-pence crooked
With—To and from my love—it looked.
He ne'er considered it, as loth
To look a gift-horse in the mouth;
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth;
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too:
For saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlightened snuff,
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle:
For as of vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'er beside their way:

Whate'er men speak by this new light,
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
505 'Tis a dark-lantern of the spirit,
Which none can see but those that bear it ;
A light that falls down from on high,
For spiritual trades to cozen by ;
An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
510 And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip themselves, and sound
For Christendom in dirty pond ;
To dive, like wild-fowl, for salvation,
And fish to catch regeneration.
515 This light inspires, and plays upon
The nose of saint, like bag-pipe drone,
And speaks, through hollow empty soul,
As through a trunk, or whispering hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
520 But spirit'al eaves-dropper can hear.
So Phœbus, or some friendly muse,
Into small poets song infuse ;
Which they at second-hand rehearse,
Through reed or bag-pipe, verse for verse.
525 Thus Ralph became infallible,
As three or four-legged oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair ;
Spoke truth point blank, though unaware.
For mystic learning wondrous able
530 In magic, talisman, and cabal,
Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches ;
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences ;
535 And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, could say ;

A deep occult philosopher,
As learned as the wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
540 And solid lying much renowned :
He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen, understood ;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm ;
545 In Rosicrucian lore as learned,
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned :
He understood the speech of birds
As well as they themselves do words ;
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
550 That speak and think contrary clean ;
What member 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry, 'Rope,' and 'Walk, knave, walk.'
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glass, like water,
555 Of sovereign power to make men wise ;
For, dropped in blear thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like owls, though purblind in the light.
By help of these as he professed,
560 He had First Matter seen undressed :
He took her naked, all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.
The Chaos too he had despaired,
And seen quite through, or else he lied ;
565 Not that of pasteboard, which men shew
For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew,
But its great grandsire, first o' th' name,
Whence that and Reformation came,
Both cousin-germans, and right able
570 T' inveigle and draw in the rabble :

But Reformation was, some say,
O' th' younger house to puppet-play.
He could foretell what'sever was,
By consequence, to come to pass:
575 As death of great men, alterations,
Diseases, battles, inundations:
All this without th' eclipse of th' sun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done
By inward light, a way as good,
580 And easy to be understood:
But with more lucky hit than those
That use to make the stars depose,
Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge
Upon themselves what others forge;
585 As if they were consenting to
All mischiefs in the world men do:
Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll search a planet's house, to know
590 Who broke and robbed a house below;
Examine Venus, and the Moon,
Who stole a thimble or a spoon;
And though they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very looks can guess,
595 And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
Who stole, and who received the goods:
They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimmed a cloak;
Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
600 Those thieves which he himself did teach.
They'll find, i' th' physiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's destinies;
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And swallowed it instead o' th' pill,

605 Cast the nativity o' th' question,
And from positions to be guessed on,
As sure as if they knew the moment
Of native's birth, tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
610 To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs ;
And tell what crisis does divine
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine ;
In men, what gives or cures the itch,
What makes them cuckold, poor, or rich ;
615 What gains, or loses, hangs, or saves,
What makes men great, what fools, or knaves ;
But not what wise, for only 'f those
The stars they say, cannot dispose,
No more than can the astrologians :
620 There they say right, and like true Trojans.
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other course, of which we spoke.
Thus was th' accomplished Squire endued
With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd.
625 Never did trusty squire with knight,
Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit :
Their valours, too, were of a rate,
630 And out they sallied at the gate.
Few miles on horseback had they jogged
But Fortune unto them turned dogged ;
For they a sad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat.
635 But ere we venture to unfold
Achievements so resolved, and bold,
We should as learned poets use,
Invoke th' assistance of some muse ;

However critics count it sillier,
640 Than jugglers talking t'a familiar ;
We think 'tis no great matter which,
They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus do we accost :—
645 Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Prynne, and Vickars,
And force them, though it was in spite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write ;
Who, as we find in sullen wrats,
650 And cross-grained works of modern wits,
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,
The praises of the author, penned
By himself, or wit-insuring friend ;
655 The itch of picture in the front,
With bays, and wicked rhyme upon't,
All that is left o' th' forked hill
To make men scribble without skill ;
Canst make a poet, spite of fate,
660 And teach all people to translate,—
Though out of languages, in which
They understand no part of speech ;
Assist me but this once, I 'mptore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.
665 In western clime there is a town,
To those that dwell therein well known,
Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our reader ;
For brevity is very good,
670 When w' are, or are not understood.
To this town people did repair
On days of market, or of fair,

And to cracked fiddle, and hoarse tabor,
In merriment did drudge and labour:
675 But now a sport more formidable
Had raked together village rabble;
'Twas an old way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call bear-baiting;
A bold adventurous exercise,
680 With ancient heroes in high prize;
For authors do affirm it came
From Isthmian and Nemæan game;
Others derive it from the Bear
That's fixed in northern hemisphere,
685 And round about the pole does make
A circle, like a bear at stake,
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble-rout:
For after solemn proclamation
690 In the bear's name, as is the fashion,
According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms,
That none presume to come so near
As forty foot of stake of bear;
695 If any yet be so fool-hardy,
T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No honour's got by such a maim,
Although the bear gain much, b'ing bound
700 In honour to make good his ground,
When he's engaged and takes no notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis,
But lets them know, at their own cost,
That he intends to keep his post.
705 This to prevent, and other harms,
Which always wait on feats of arms,

For in the hurry of a fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way,
Thither the Knight his course did steer,
To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear,
As he believed he was bound to do
In conscience and commission too;
And therefore thus bespoke the Squire:—
‘We that are wisely mounted higher
Than constables in curule wit,
When on tribunal bench we sit,
Like speculators, should foresee,
From Pharos of authority,
Portended mischiefs farther than
Low proletarian tything-men;
And, therefore, being informed by bruit,
That dog and bear are to dispute,—
For so of late men fighting name,
Because they often prove the same;
For where the first does hap to be,
The last does *coincidere*;—
Quantum in nobis, have thought good
To save th' expense of Christian blood,
And try if we, by mediation
Of treaty, and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compose
The bloody duel without blows.
‘Are not our liberties, our lives,
The laws, religion, and our wives,
Enough at once to lie at stake
For Cov'nant, and the Cause's sake?
But in that quarrel dogs and bears,
As well as we, must venture theirs?
This feud, by Jesuits invented,
By evil counsel is fomented;

There is a Machiavelian plot,
Though every *nare olfact* it not,
And deep design int' to divide
The well-affected that confide,

745 By setting brother against brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
That *cans et angus pejus* hate us?
And shall we turn our fangs and claws

750 Upon our own selves, without cause?
That some occult design doth lie
In bloody cynarctomachy,
Is plain enough to him that knows
How saints lead brothers by the nose.

755 I wish myself a pseudo-prophet,
But sure some mischief will come of it,
Unless by providential wit,
Or force, we averruncate it.
For what design, what interest,

760 Can beast have to encounter beast?
They fight for no espoused cause,
Frail privilege, fundamental laws,
Nor for a thorough reformation,
Nor covenant nor protestation,

765 Nor liberty of consciences,
Nor lords and commons' ordinances;
Nor for the church, nor for church-lands,
To get them in their own no-hands;
Nor evil counsellors to bring

770 To justice, that seduce the king;
Nor for the worship of us men,
Though we have done as much for them.
Th' Egyptians worshipped dogs, and for
Their faith made internecine war.

775 Others adored a rat, and some
 For that church suffered martyrdom.
 The Indians fought for the truth
 Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth ;
 And many, to defend that faith
 ,780 Fought it out *mordicus* to death.
 But no beast ever was so slight,
 For man, as for his god, to fight ;
 They have more wit, alas ! and know
 Themselves and us better than so.

785 But we, who only do infuse
 The rage in them like *bouïs-seus*,
 'Tis our example that instils
 In them th' infection of our ills.
 For, as some late philosophers
 ,790 Have well observed, beasts that converse
 With man take after him, as hogs
 Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs.
 Just so, by our example, cattle
 Learn to give one another battle.

795 We read in Nero's time, the Heathen
 When they destroyed the Christian brethren,
 They sewed them in the skins of bears,
 And then set dogs about their ears ;
 From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
 ,800 Of this lewd antichristian game.'

To this, quoth Ralph,—‘ Verily
 The point seems very plain to me ;
 It is an antichristian game,
 Unlawful both in thing and name.

805 First, for the name ; the word bear-baiting
 Is carnal, and of man's creating ;
 For certainly there's no such word
 In all the Scripture on record ;

Therefore unlawful, and a sin ;
810 And so is, secondly, the thing :
A vile assembly 'tis, that can
No more be proved by Scripture, than
Provincial, classic, national ;
Mere human creature-cobwebs all.
815 Thirdly, it is idolatrous ;
For when men run * * * thus
With their inventions, whatsoe'er
The thing be, whether dog or bear,
It is idolatrous and pagan,
820 No less than worshipping of Dagon.'
Quoth Hudibras,—'I smell a rat;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate :
For though the thesis which thou lay'st
Be true *ad amussim*, as thou say'st ;
825 For that bear-baiting should appear,
Jure divino, lawfuller
Than synods are, thou dost deny
Totidem verbis—so do I ;
Yet there's a fallacy in this ;
830 For if by sly *homoeosis*,
Thou wouldest sophistically imply
Both are unlawful—I deny.'
'And I,' quoth Ralpho, 'do not doubt
But bear-baiting may be made out,
835 In gospel times, as lawful as is
Provincial, or parochial classis ;
And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all, as well as sin,
That, put 'em in a bag, and shake 'em,
840 Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
And not know which is which, unless
You measure by their wickedness ;

For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worst tho' I name neither.'

845 Quoth Hudibras, 'thou offer'st much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage;
Thou canst at best but overstrain

850 A paradox, and thy own brain;
For what can synods have at all
With bear that's analogical?
Or what relation has debating
Of church-affairs with bear-baiting?

855 A just comparison still is
Of things *ejusdem generis*:
And then what *genus* rightly doth
Include, and comprehend them both?
If animal, both of us may

860 As justly pass for bears as they;
For we are animals no less,
Although of different species.
But, Ralpho, this is no fit place,
Nor time, to argue out the case:

865 For now the field is not far off,
Where we must give the world a proof
Of deeds, not words, and such as suit
Another manner of dispute:
A controversy that affords

870 Actions for arguments, not words;
Which we must manage at a rate
Of prow'ss, and conduct adequate
To what our place, and fame doth promise,
And all the godly expect from us.

875 Nor shall they be deceived, unless
We're slurred and outed by success;

Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand can always hit:
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
880 We do but row, w' are steered by fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
Great actions are not always true sons
Of great and mighty resolutions;
885 Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth;
But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and cowardice succeed.
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
890 Our actions still have borne us out;
Which, though they're known to be so ample,
We need not copy from example;
We're not the only person durst
Attempt this province, nor the first.
895 In northern clime a val'rous knight
Did whilom kill his bear in fight,
And wound a fiddler: we have both
Of these the objects of our wroth,
And equal fame and glory from
900 Th' attempt, or victory to come.
'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mamaluke
In foreign land, yclep'd —————
To whom we have been oft compared
For person, parts, address, and beard;
905 Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same cause both have fought;
He oft, in such attempts as these,
Came off with glory and success;
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
910 For want of equal resolution.

Honour is, like a widow, won
With brisk attempt and putting on ;
With entering manfully and urging,
Not slow approaches, like a virgin.'

915 This said, as erst the Phrygian knight,
So ours, with rusty steel did smite
His Trojan horse, and just as much
He mended pace upon the touch ;
But from his empty stomach groaned,
920 Just as that hollow beast did sound,
And angry, answered from behind,
With brandished tail and blast of wind.
So have I seen, with armed heel,
A wight bestride a Common-weal,
925 While still the more he kicked and spurred,
The less the sullen jade has stirred.

PART I.—CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies' best men of war,
Whom, in a bold harangue, the knight
Defies, and challenges to fight:
H' encounters Talgol, routs the bear,
And takes the fiddler prisoner,
Conveys him to enchanted castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.*

THERE was an ancient sage philosopher
That had read Alexander Ross over,
And swore the world as he could prove,
Was made of fighting, and of love.
Just so romances are, for what else
Is in them all but love and battles?
O' th' first of these we have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter,
In which to do the injured right,
We mean in what concerns just fight,
Certes our authors are to blame,
For to make some well-sounding name
A pattern fit for modern knights
To copy out in frays and fights,
Like those that a whole street do razo,
To build a palace in the place;

They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, so they can
~ Make up some fierce, dead-doing man,
Composed of many ingredient valours,
Just like the manhood of nine tailors :
So a wild Tartar, when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
, If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit ;
As if just so much he enjoyed
As in another is destroyed :
For when a giant's slain in fight,
~ And mowed o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy case, no doubt,
A man should have his brains beat out,
Because he's tall, and has large bones.
, But, as for our part, we shall tell
The naked truth of what befell,
And as an equal friend to both
The knight and bear, but more to troth,
With neither faction shall take part,
, But give to each his due desert,
And never coin a formal lie on't,
To make the knight o'ercome the giant.
This b'ing professed, we've hopes enough,
And now go on where we left off.
~ They rode, but authors having not
Determined whether pace or trot,
That is to say, whether tollutation,
As they do term 't, or succussion,
We leave it, and go on, as now
, Suppose they did, no matter how ;
Yet some, from subtle hints, have got

Mysterious light it was a trot:
But let that pass; they now begun
To spur their living engines on:
55 For as whipped tops and bandied balls,
The learned hold, are animals;
So horses they affirm to be
Mere engines made by geometry,
And were invented first from engines,
60 As Indian Britons were from Penguins.
So let them be, and, as I was saying,
They their live engines plied, not staying
Until they reached the fatal champaign
Which th' enemy did then encamp on;
65 The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle
Was to be waged 'twixt puissant cattle,
And fierce auxiliary men,
That came to aid their brethren;
Who now began to take the field,
70 As knight from ridge of steed beheld.
For, as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the old,
Much further off, much further he
Raised on his aged beast could see;
75 Yet not sufficient to descry
All postures of the enemy:
Wherfore he bids the squire ride further,
To observe their numbers, and their order;
That when their motions he had known,
80 He might know how to fit his own.
Meanwhile he stopped his willing steed,
To fit himself for martial deed:
Both kinds of metal he prepared,
Either to give blows, or to ward;
85 Courage within, and steel without,

To give and to receive a rout.
His death-charged pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preserving victual ;
These being primed, with force he laboured
90 To free 's blade from retentive scabbard ;
And after many a painful pluck,
He cleared at length the rugged tuck :
Then shook himself, to see that prowess
In scabbard of his arms sat loose ;
95 And, raised upon his desperate foot,
On stirrup-side he gazed about,
Portending blood, like blazing star,
The beacon of approaching war.
The Squire advanced with greater speed
100 Than could be expected from his steed ;
But far more in returning made ;
For now the foe he had surveyed,
Ranged, as to him they did appear,
With van, main-battle, wings, and rear.
105 I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero marched expert and able.
Instead of trumpet, and of drum,
That makes the warrior's stomach come,
Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer
110 By thunder turned to vinegar ;
For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat ?
A squeaking engine he applied
Unto his neck, on north-east side,
115 Just where the hangman does dispose,
To special friends, the fatal noose :
For 'tis great grace, when statesmen straight
Despatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped ear hung o'er the strings,

120 Which was but souse to chitterlings:
For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
Are fit for music, or for pudden;
From whence men borrow every kind
Of minstrelsy, by string or wind.

125 His grisly beard was long and thick,
With which he strung his fiddle-stick;
For he to horse-tail scorned to owe
For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four-legged bard, had both

130 A beard and tail of his own growth;
And yet by authors 'tis averred,
He made use only of his beard.

In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth
Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth,

135 Where bulls do choose the boldest king
And ruler o'er the men of string,
As once in Persia, 'tis said,
Kings were proclaimed by a horse that neighed;
He, bravely venturing at a crown,

140 By chance of war was beaten down,
And wounded sore: his leg, then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak;
For when a shin in fight is cropped,
The knee with one of timber's propped,

145 Esteemed more honourable than the other,
And takes place, though the younger brother.

Next marched brave Orsin, famous for
Wise conduct, and success in war;
A skilful leader, stout, severe,

150 Now marshal to the champion bear.
With truncheon tipped with iron head,
The warrior to the lists he led;
With solemn march, and stately pace,

But far more grave and solemn face ;
155 Grave as the Emperor of Pegu,
Or Spanish potentate, Don Diego ;
This leader was of knowledge great,
Either for charge, or for retreat :
Knew when t' engage his bear pell-mell,
160 And when to bring him off as well.
So lawyers, lest the bear defendant,
And plaintiff dog, should make an end on't,
Do stave and tail with writs of error,
Reverse of judgment, and demurrer,
165 To let them breathe a while, and then
Cry whoop, and set them on again.
As Romulus a wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nursed by a bear,
That fed him with the purchased prey
170 Of many a fierce and bloody fray ;
Bred up, where discipline most rare is,
In military garden Paris :
For soldiers heretofore did grow
In gardens, just as weeds do now,
175 Until some splay-foot politicians,
T' Apollo offered up petitions,
For licensing a new invention
They'd found out of an antique engine,
To root out all the weeds, that grow
180 In public gardens at a blow,
And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,
'My friends, that is not to be done.'
'Not done !' quoth Statesman ; 'Yes, an't please ye,
When 'tis once known you'll say 'tis easy.'
185 'Why then let's know it,' quoth Apollo :
'We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.'
'A drum !' quoth Phœbus, 'Troth, that's true,

A pretty invention, quaint and new :
But though cf voice and instrument
190 We are th' undoubted president,
We such loud music do not profess,
The devil's master of that office,
Where it must pass ; if 't be a drum,
He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.* ;
195 To him apply yourselves, and he
Will soon despatch you for his fee.'
They did so, but it proved so ill,
They 'ad better let 'em grow there still.
But to resume what we discoursing
200 Were on before, that is, stout Orsin ;
That which so oft by sundry writers,
Has been applied t' almost all fighters,
More justly may b' ascribed to this
Than any other warrior, *viz.*
205 None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a chieftain and a soldier.
He was of great descent, and high
For splendour and antiquity,
And from celestial origine,
210 Derived himself in a right line ;
Not as the ancient heroes did,
Who, that their base-births might be hid,
Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore,
215 Made Jupiter himself, and others
O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions,
Of which old Homer first made lampoons ;
Arctophylax, in northern sphere,
220 Was his undoubted ancestor ;
From him his great forefathers came,

And in all ages bore his name :
Learned he was in med'cinal lore,
For by his side a pouch he wore,
225 Replete with strange hermetic powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank would solder,
By skilful chemist, with great cost,
Extracted from a rotten post ;
But of a heavenlier influence
230 Than that which mountebanks dispense ;
Though by Promethean fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
Thus virtuous Orain was endued
With learning, conduct, fortitude
Incomparable ; and as the prince
Of poets, Homer, sung long since,
245 A skilful leech is better far,
Than half a hundred men of war ;
So he appeared, and by his skill,
No less than dint of sword, could kill.
The gallant Bruin marched next him.
250 With visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,
Clad in a mantel *de la guerre*
Of rough, impenetrable fur ;
255 And in his nose, like Indian king,
He wore, for ornament, a ring ;
About his neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target ;
Arm'd, as heralds cant, and langued,
260 Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged :
For as the teeth in beasts of prey
Are swords, with which they fight in fray,
So swords, in men of war, are teeth,

Which they do eat their victual with.
265 He was by birth, some authors write,
A Russian, some a Muscovite,
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in diurnals read,
That serve to fill up pages here,
270 As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
With whom he served, and fed on vermin ;
And when these fail'd, he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws.
He had traced countries far and near,
More than Le Blanc the traveller ;
Who writes, he spoused in India,
Of noble house, a lady gay,
285 And got on her a race of worthies,
As stout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and Orsin oft had been,
Each striving to deserve the crown
290 Of a saved citizen ; the one
To guard his bear, the other fought
To aid his dog ; both made more stout
By several spurs of neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood ;
295 But Talgol, mortal foe to cows,
Never got aught of him but blows ;
Blows hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repaid with usury.
Yet Talgol was of courage stout,
300 And vanquished oftener than he fought :
Inured to labour, sweat, and toil,
And, like a champion, shone with oil :
Right many a widow his keen blade,

And many fatherless, had made ;
305 He many a boar and huge dun-cow
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow ;
But Guy, with him in fight compared,
Had like the boar or dun-cow fared :
With greater troops of sheep h' had fought
310 Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixote ;
And many a serpent of fell kind,
With wings before, and stings behind,
Subdued ; as poets say, long agone,
Bold Sir George Saint George did the dragon.
315 Nor engine, nor device polemic,
Disease, nor doctor epidemic,
Though stored with deleterious medicines,
Which whosoever took is dead since,
E'er sent so vast a colony
320 To both the under worlds as he :
For he was of that noble trade
That demi-gods and heroes made,
Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
The trade to which they all were bred ;
325 And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base, if mean ;
The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheeled chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
330 So sacred, with vile bungling.
Next these the brave Magnano came,
Magnano, great in martial fame ;
Yet, when with Orsin he waged fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by 't :
335 Yet he was fierce as forest-boar,
Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as Ajax' sevenfold shield,

Which o'er his brazen arms he held ;
But brass was feeble to resist
340 The fury of his armed fist ;
Nor could the hardest iron hold out
Against his blows, but they would through
In magic he was deeply read,
As he that made the brazen head ;
345 Profoundly skilled in the black art,
As English Merlin, for his heart ;
But far more skilful in the spheres,
Than he was at the sieve and shears.
He could transform himself to colour,
350 As like the devil as a collier ;
As like as hypocrites, in show,
Are to true saints, or crow to crow.
Of warlike engines he was author,
Devised for quick despatch of slaughter ;
355 The cannon, blunderbus, and saker,
He was th' inventor of, and maker ;
The trumpet and the kettle-drum
Did both from his invention come,
He was the first that e'er did teach
360 To make, and how to stop, a breach.
A lance he bore with iron pike,
Th' one half would thrust, the other strike ;
And when their forces he had joined,
He scorned to turn his parts behind.
365 He Trulla loved, Trulla, more bright
Than burnished armour of her knight ;
A bold virago, stout, and tall,
As Joan of France, or English Mall ;
Through perils both of wind and limb,
370 Through thick and thin she followed him
In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,

And never him, or it forsook :
At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,
She shared i' th' hazard, and the prize ;
375 At beating quarters up, or forage,
Behaved herself with matchless courage,
And laid about in fight more busily
Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile.
And though some critics here cry Shame,
380 And say our authors are to blame,
That, spite of all philosophers,
Who hold no females stout but bears,
And heretofore did so abhor
That women should pretend to war,
385 They would not suffer the stout'st dame,
To swear by Hercules's name ;
Make feeble ladies, in their works,
To fight like termagants and Turks ;
To lay their native arms aside,
390 Their modesty, and ride astride ;
To run a-tilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field ;
As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
And she that would have been the mistress
395 Of Gondibert, but he had grace,
And rather took a country lass ;
They say 'tis false without all sense,
But of pernicious consequence
To government, which they suppose
400 Can never be upheld in prose ;
Strip nature naked to the skin,
You'll find about her no such thing.
It may be so, yet what we tell
Of Trulla that's improbable
405 Shall be deposed by those have seen't,

Or, what's as good, produced in print;
And if they will not take our word,
We'll prove it true upon record.

The upright Cerdon next advanc't,
410 Of all his race the valiant'st;
Cerdon the Great, renowned in song,
Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong:
He raised the low, and fortified
The weak against the strongest side:
415 Ill has he read that never hit
On him in muses deathless writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a bull-hide shield would pierce,
And cut it in a thousand pieces,
420 Though tougher than the Knight of Greece his,
With whom his black-thumbed ancestor
Was comrade in the ten years' war:
For when the restless Greeks sat down
So many years before Troy town,
425 And were renowned, as Homer writes,
For well-soled boots no less than fights,
They owed that glory only to
His ancestor, that made them so.
Fast friend he was to reformation,
430 Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion;
Next rectifier of wry law,
And would make three to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote;
435 But preaching was his chiefest talent,
Or argument, in which being valiant,
He used to lay about and stickle,
Like ram or bull at conventicle:
For disputants, like rams and bulls,

440 Do fight with arms that spring from skulls.
Last Colon came, bold man of war,
Destined to blows by fatal star ;
Right expert in command of horse,
But cruel, and without remorse.

445 That which of Centaur long ago
Was said, and has been wrested to
Some other knights, was true of this :
He and his horse were of a piece ;
One spirit did inform them both,

450 The self-same vigour, fury, wroth ;
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart,
Although his horse had been of those
That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes :

455 Strange food for horse ! and yet, alas !
It may be true, for flesh is grass.
Sturdy he was, and no less ablo
Than Hercules to clean a stable ;
As great a drover, and as great

460 A critic too, in hog or neat.
He ripped the womb up of his mother,
Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fother,
And provender, wherewith to feed
Himself and his less cruel steed.

465 It was a question whether ho
Or's horse, were of a family
More worshipful ; 'till antiquaries,
After they'd almost pored out their eyes,
Did very learnedly decide

470 The business on the horse's side,
And proved not only horse, but cows,
Nay pigs, were of the elder house :
For beasts, when man was but a piece

Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.
475 These worthies were the chief that led
The combatants each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage
Ready and longing to engage.
The numerous rabble was drawn out
.480 Of several counties round about,
From villages remote, and shires,
Of east and western hemispheres;
From foreign parishes and regions,
Of different manners, speech, religions,
485 Came men and mastiffs, some to fight
For fame and honour, some for sight.
And now the field of death, the lists,
Were entered by antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broached,
490 When Hudibras in haste approached,
With squire and weapons to attack 'em.
But first thus from his horse bespake 'm.
‘What rage, O citizens! what fury
Doth you to these dire actions hurry?
495 What oestrus, what phrenetic mood
Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
While the proud Vies your trophies boast,
And, unrevenged, walks —— ghost?
· What towns, what garrisons might you,
500 With hazard of this blood, subdue,
Which now y' are bent to throw away
In vain, untriumphable fray?
Shall saints in civil bloodshed wallow
Of saints, and let the Cause lie fallow?
505 The Cause, for which we fought and swore
So boldly, shall we now give o'er?
Then because quarrels still are seen

With oaths and swearings to begin,
The solemn league and covenant
510 Will seem a mere God-damme rant,
And we that took it, and have fough't,
As lewd as drunkards that fall out:
For as we make war for the king
Against himself, the self-same thing
515 Some will not stick to swear, we do
For God, and for religion too;
For if bear-baiting we allow,
What good can reformation do?
The blood and treasure that's laid out
520 Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are these the fruits o' th' protestatio
The prototype of reformation,
Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,
Wore in their hats like wedding garters,
525 When 'twas resolved by their house
Six members' quarrel to espouse?
Did they for this draw down the rabble,
With zeal, and noises formidable;
And make all cries about the town
530 Join throats to cry the bishops down?
Who having round begirt the palace,
As once a month they do the gallows,
As members gave the sign about,
Set up their throats with hideous shout.
535 When tinkers bawled aloud, to settle
Church-discipline, for patching kettle.
The oyster-women locked their fish up,
540 And trudged away to cry No Bishop;
The mouse-trap men laid save-alls by,
And 'gainst ev'l counsellors did cry;
Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,

And fell to turn and patch the church ;
545 Some cried the covenant, instead
Of pudding-pies and ginger-bread ;
And some for brooms, old boots, and shoes,
Bawled out to purge the Commons house :
Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
550 A gospel-preaching ministry ;
And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
No surplices nor service-book :
A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to reformation.
555 And is this all ! Is this the end
To which these carr'ings on did tend ?
Hath public faith, like a young heir,
For this tak'n up all sorts of ware,
And run int' every tradesman's book,
560 Till both turn bankrupts, and are broke ?
Did saints for this bring in their plate,
And crowd, as if they came too late ?
For when they thought the Cause had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
And into pikes and musqueteers
Stamp beakers, cupe, and porringers ?
A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,
570 Did start up living men, as soon
As in the furnace they were thrown,
Just like the dragon's teeth b'ing sown.
Then was the Cause all gold and plate,
The brethren's offerings, consecrate,
575 Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it
The saints fell prostrate, to adore it.
So say the wicked—and will you
Make that sarcasmus scandal true,
By running after dogs and bears,

580 Beasts more unclean than calves or steers !
Have powerful preachers plied their tongues,
And laid themselves out, and their lungs ;
Used all means, both direct and sin'ster,
I' th' pow'r of gospel-preaching min'ster ?

585 Have they invented tones, to win
The women, and make them draw in
The men, as Indians with a female
Tame elephant inveigle the male ?
Have they told Prov'dence what it must do,

590 Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to :
Discovered th' Enemy's design,
And which way best to countermine ;
Prescribed what ways he hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the kirk ?

595 Told it the news o' th' last express,
And after good or bad success
Made prayers, not so like petitions
As overtures and propositions,
Such as the army did present

600 To their creator, the parliament ;
In which they freely will confess,
They will not, cannot acquiesce,
Unless the work be carried on
In the same way they have begun,

605 By setting church and common-weal
All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
On which the saints were all a-gog,
And all this for a bear and dog ?
The parliament drew up petitions

610 To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions,
To well-affected persons, down
In every city and great town,
With power to levy horse and men,

Only to bring them back again !
615 For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in rank and file,
With papers in their hats, that showed
As if they to the pill'ry rode !
Have all these courses, these efforts,
620 Been tried by people of all sorts,
Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,
And all t' advance the Cause's service,
And shall all now be thrown away
In petulant intestine fray ?
625 Shall we, that in the cov'nant swore
Each man of us to run before
Another still in reformation,
Give dogs and bears a dispensation ?
How will dissenting brethren relish it ?
630 What will malignants say ? *Videlicet,*
That each man swore to do his best,
To damn and perjure all the rest ;
And bid the devil take the hin'most,
Which at this race is like to win most.
635 They'll say our business to reform
The church and state, is but a worm ;
For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,
T' an unknown church's discipline,
What is it else, but, before-hand,
640 T' engage, and after understand ?
For when we swore to carry on
The present reformation,
According to the purest mode
Of churches best reformed abroad,
645 What did we else but make a vow
To do, we knew not what, nor how ?
For no three of us will agree

Where, or what churches these should be:
And is indeed the self-same case
650 With theirs that swore *et ceteras* ;
Or the French league, in which men vowed
To fight to the last drop of blood.
These slanders will be thrown upon
The cause and work we carry on,
655 If we permit men to run headlong
T' exorbitancies fit for Bedlam,
Rather than gospel-walking times,
When slightest sins are greatest crimes.
But we the matter so shall handle,
660 As to remove that odious scandal.
In name of king and parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your brethren and your countrymen ;
665 And to those places straight repair
Where your respective dwellings are :
But to that purpose first surrender
The fiddler, as the prime offender,
Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
670 Author, and engineer of mischief ;
That makes division between friends,
For profane and malignant ends.
He and that engine of vile noise,
On which illegally he plays,
675 Shall, *dictum factum*, both be brought
To condign pun'shment, as they ought.
This must be done, and I would fain see
Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay ;
For then I'll take another course,
680 And soon reduce you all by force.'
This said, he clapped his hand on sword,

To show he meant to keep his word.
But Talgol, who had long suppressed
Infamed wrath in glowing breast,
685 Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus answered him, 'Thou vermin wretched ;
As e'er in measled pork was hatched ; .
Thou tail of worship, that dost grow
690 On rump of justice as of cow ;
How dar'st thou with that sullen luggage
O' thyself, old ir'n, and other baggage,
With which thy steed of bone and leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither ;
695 How durst th', I say, adventure thus
T' oppose thy lumber against us ?
Could thine impertinence find out
No work t' employ itself about,
Where thou, secure from wooden blow,
700 Thy busy vanity might show ?
Was no dispute a-foot between
The caterwauling bretheren ?
No subtle question raised among
Those out-o'-their wits, and those i' th' wrong ?
705 No prize between those combatants
O' th' times, the land and water saints ;
Where thou mightst stickle, without hazard
Of outrage-to thy hide and mazzard,
And not, for want of business, come
710 To us to be thus troublesome,
To interrupt our better sort
Of disputants, and spoil our sport ?
Was there no felony, no bawd,
Cut-purse, or burglary abroad ?
715 No stolen pig nor plundered goose,

To tie thee up from breaking loose !
No ale unlicensed, broken hedge,
For which thou statute mightst allege,
To keep thee busy from foul evil,
720 And shame due to thee from the devil ?
Did no committee sit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee,
And set th' a task, with subornation,
To stitch up sale and sequestration ;
725 To cheat, with holiness and zeal,
All parties and the common-weal !
Much better had it been for thee
H' had kept thee where th' art used to be ;
Or sent th' on business any whither,
730 So he had never brought thee hither :
But if th' hast brain enough in skull
To keep within its lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of stones,
And cudgels, to thy hide and bones ;
735 Tremble and vanish while thou may'st,
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.'
At this the knight grew high in wroth,
And lifting hands and eyes up both,
Three times he smote on stomach stout,
740 From whence, at length, these words broke c
 ' Was I for this entitled Sir,
 And girt with trusty sword and spur,
 For fame and honour to wage battle,
 Thus to be braved by foe to cattle ?
745 Not all the pride that makes thee swell
 As big as thou dost blown-up veal ;
 Nor all thy tricks and sleights to cheat,
 And sell thy carrion for good meat ;
 Not all thy magic to repair

750 Decayed old age, in tough lean ware,
Make natural death appear thy work,
And stop the gangrene in stale pork ;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Because by bullock ne'er withstood ;

755 Though armed with all thy cleavers, knives,
And axes made to hew down lives,
Shall save, or help thee to evade
The hand of justice, or this blade,
Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,

760 For civil deed and military.
Nor shall these words, of venom base,
Which thou hast from their native place,
Thy stomach, pumped to fling on me,
Go unrevenged, though I am free :

765 Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor shall it e'er be said that wight
With gauntlet blue and bases white,
And round blunt truncheon by his side,

770 So great a man-at-arms defied,
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal ;
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.'

775 This said, with hasty rage he snatched
His gun-shot, that in holsters watched ;
And bending cock, he levelled full
Against th' outside of Talgol's skull ;
Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,

780 Nor henceforth cow nor bullock murther.
But Pallas came in shape of rust,
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust
Her gorgon-shield, which made the cock

Stand stiff, as 'twere turned to a stock.
78, Meanwhile fierce Talgol gathering might,
With rugged truncheon charged the knight,
But he, with petronel upheaved,
Instead of shield, the blow received ;
The gun recoiled as well it might,
79, Not used to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
Knocked down, and stunned, with mortal stripe :
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
Drew out his sword ; yet not so fast,
795 But Talgol first, with hardy thwack,
Twice bruised his head, and twice his back ;
But when his nut-brown sword was out,
Courageously he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
80, His mortal foe, the truncheon.
The trusty cudgel did oppose
Itself against dead-doing blows,
To guard his leader from fell bane,
And then revenged itself again :
805 And though the sword, some understood,
In force, had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing so ; both sides were balanc'd
So equal, none knew which was val'ant'st :
For wood, with honour b'ing engaged,
81, Is so implacably enraged,
Though iron hew, and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both knights were out of breath,
Tired in the hot pursuit of death ;
815 Whilst all the rest, amazed, stood still,
Expecting which should take, or kill.
This Hudibras observed ; and fretting

Conquest should be so long a-getting,
He drew up all his force into
820 One body, and that into one blow ;
But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning sleight ; for had it hit,
The upper part of him the blow
Had slit, as sure as that below.
825 Meanwhile the incomparable Colon,
To aid his friend, began to fall on ;
Him Ralph encountered, and straight grew
A dismal combat 'twixt them two ;
Th' one armed with metal, th' other with wood ;
830 This fit for bruise, and that for blood.
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree, and old iron rang ;
While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline,
835 Until Magnano, who did envy
That two should with so many men vie,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Performed what force could ne'er attain,
For he, by foul hap, having found
840 Where thistles grew on barren ground,
In haste he drew his weapon out,
And having cropped them from the root,
He clapped them under the horse's tail,
With prickles sharper than a nail,
845 The angry beast did straight resent
The wrong done to his fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from thistle,
850 That galled him sorely under his tail ;
Instead of which he threw the pack

Of squire and baggage from his back ;
And blundering still with smarting rump,
He gave the knight's steed such a thump
855 As made him reel. The knight did stoop,
And sat on further side aslope.
This Talgol viewing, who had now,
By sleight, escaped the fatal blow,
He rallied, and again fell to 't ;
860 For catching foe by nearer foot,
He lifted with such might and strength
As would have hurled him thrice his length,
And dashed his brains, if any, out ;
But Mars, who still protects the stout,
865 In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the bear conveyed ;
The bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
The knight with all his weight fell down.
The friendly rug preserved the ground,
870 And headlong knight, from bruise or wound :
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt ; ours fared as well
875 In body, though his mighty spirit,
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
The bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down, and worsted by the knight ;
He roared, and raged, and flung about,
880 To shake off bondage from his snout.
His wrath inflamed, boiled o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam ;
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more, than ever herald drew him,
885 He tore the earth, which he had saved

From squelch of knight, and stormed and raved ;
And vexed the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the law of arms :
For men he always took to be
890 His friends, and dogs the enemy,
Who never so much burt had done him
As his own side did falling on him.
It grieved him to the guts, that they,
For whom h' had fought so many a fray,
895 And served with loss of blood so long,
Should offer such inhuman wrong ;
Wrong of unsoldier-like condition ;
For which he flung down his commission,
And laid about him, till his nose
900 From thrall of ring and cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarged,
Through thickest of his foes he charged,
And made way through th' amazed crew,
Some he o'er-ran, and some o'erthrew,
905 But took none ; for, by hasty flight,
He strove t' escape pursuit of knight,
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread, as he the rabble chased.
In haste he fled, and so did they,
910 Each and his fear a several way.
Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded sore,
I th' fiddle, and the leg that bore
915 One side of him, not that of bone,
But much its better, th' wooden one.
He spying Hudibras lie strewed
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
In haste he snatched the wooden limb,

That hurt i' th' ankle lay by him,
And fitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the knight,
925 For getting up on stump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be revenged for breach
Of crowd and skin, upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
930 He and his fiddle underwent,
But Ralpho, who had now begun
T' adventure resurrection
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with sprained crup,
935 Looking about, beheld the bard
To charge the knight entranced prepared,
He snatched his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed,
As rats do from a falling house,
940 To hide itself from rage of blows ;
And winged with speed and fury, flew
To rescue knight from black and blue.
Which ere he could achieve, his sconce
The leg encountered twice and once ;
945 And now 'twas raised to smite again,
When Ralpho thrust himself between ;
He took the blow upon his arm,
To shield the knight from further harm ;
And, joining wrath with force, bestowed
950 O' th' wooden member such a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propped before.
To him the squire right nimbly run,
And setting conquering foot upon
955 His trunk, thus spoke : 'What desperate frenzy

Made thee, thou whelp of sin, to fancy
Thyself, and all that coward rabble,
To encounter us in battle able?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy curship
960 'Gainst arms, authority, and worship,
And Hudibras or me provoke,
Though all thy limbe were heart of oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of wood?
965 Could not the whipping-post prevail,
With all its rhetoric, nor the jail,
To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
And ankle free from iron gin?
Which now thou shalt—but first our care
970 Must see how Hudibras does fare.'

This said, he gently raised the knight.
To rouse him from lethargic dump,
He tweaked his nose, with gentle thump
975 Knocked on his breast, as if 't had been
To raise the spirits lodged within:
They, wakened with the noise, did fly
From inward room, to window eye,
And gently opening lid, the casement
980 Looked out, but yet with some amazement.
This gladded Ralph much to see,
Who thus bespake the knight: quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, 'You are, great Sir,
A self-denying conqueror;
985 As high, victorious, and great,
As e'er fought for the churches yet,
If you will give yourself but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's a victory. The foe, for dread
990 Of your nine-worthiness, is fled,

All, save Crowdero, for whose sake
You did th' espoused cause undertake ;
And he lies prisoner at your feet,
To be disposed as you think meet,
995 Either for life, or death, or sale,
The gallows, or perpetual jail ;
For one wink of your powerful eyo
Must sentence him to live or die.
His fiddle is your proper purchase,
1000 Won in the service of the churches ;
And by your doom must be allowed
To be, or be no more, a crowd :
For though success did not confer
Just title on the conqueror ;
1005 Though dispensations were not strong
Conclusions, whether right or wrong ;
Although out-goings did confirm,
And owning were but a mere term ;
Yet as the wicked have no right
1010 To th' creature, though usurped by might,
The property is in the saint,
From whom th' injuriously detain't ;
Of him they hold their luxuries,
1015 Their riots, revels, masks, delights,
Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites ;
All which the saints have title to,
And ought t' enjoy, if they 'ad their due.
What we take from them is no more
1020 Than what was ours by right before ;
For we are their true landlords still,
And they our tenants but at will.'

At this the knight began to rouse,
And by degrees grow valorous :
He stared about, and seeing none

Of all his foes remain but one,
He snatched his weapon that lay near him
And from the ground began to rear him,
Vowing to make Crowdero pay
1030 For all the rest that ran away.
But Ralph now, in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withstood :
'Great Sir,' quoth he, 'your mighty spirit
Is raised too high ; this slave does merit
1035 To be the hangman's business, sooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his destruction ; I that am
A nothingness in deed and name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,
1040 Or ill entreat his fiddle or case :
Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood, which you gained in hot ?
Will you employ your conquering sword
To break a fiddle, and your word ?
1045 For though I fought and overcame,
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name :
For great commanders always own
What's prosperous by the soldier done.
To save, when you have power to kill,
1050 Argues your power above your will ;
And that your will and power have less
Than both might have of selfishness.
This power which, now alive, with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,
1055 Would no more keep the slave in awe,
Than if you were a knight of straw ;
For death would then be his conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that terror,
If danger from his life accrue,

1060 Or honour from his death, to you
'Twere policy and honour too,
To do as you resolved to do:
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much
To say it needs, or fears a crutch.
1065 Great conquerors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led, than slain:
The laurels that adorn their brows
Are pulled from living not dead boughs,
And living foes: the greatest fame
1070 Of cripples slain can be but lame:
One half of him's already slain,
The other is not worth your pain;
Th' honour can but on one side light,
As worship did, when y' were dubbed knight.
1075 Wherefore I think it better far
To keep him prisoner of war;
And let him fast in bonds abide,
At court of justice to be tried;
Where if h' appear so bold or crafty,
1080 There may be danger in his safety:
If any member there dislike
His face, or to his beard have pique
Or if his death will save, or yield
Revenge or fright, it is revealed,
1085 Though he has quarter, ne'ertheless
Y' have power to hang him when you please;
This has been often done by some
Of our great conquerors, you know whom;
And has by most of us been held
1090 Wise justice, and to some revealed:
For words and promises, that yoke
The conqueror, are quickly broke;
Like Samson's cuffs, though by his own

Direction and advice put on.
For if we should fight for the Cause
By rules of military laws,
And only do what they call just,
The Cause would quickly fall to dust.
This we among ourselves may speak ;
But to the wicked or the weak
We must be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, such as these are.'
This said, the high outrageous mettle
Of knight began to cool and settle.
He liked the squire's advice, and soon
Resolved to see the business done ;
And therefore charged him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place, and use,
The wooden member to reduce ;
But force it take an oath before,
Ne'er to bear arms against him more.
Ralph despatched with speedy haste,
And having tied Crowdero fast,
He gave sir knight the end of cord,
To lead the captive of his sword
In triumph, while the steeds he caught,
And them to further service brought.
The squire in state rode on before,
And on his nut-brown 'whinyard bore
The trophy-fiddle' and the case,
Leaning on shoulder like a mace.
The knight himself did after ride,
Leading Crowdero by his side ;
And towed him, if he lagged behind,
Like boat against the tide and wind.
Thus grave and solemn they march on,

Until quite through the town they 'ad gone ;
At further end of which there stands
1130 An ancient castle, that commands
Th' adjacent parts ; in all the fabric
You shall not see one stone nor a brick,
But all of wood, by powerful spell
Of magic made impregnable :
1135 There's neither iron-bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate ;
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeon scarce three inches wide ;
With roof so low, that under it
1140 They never stand, but lie or sit ;
And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
Is to the middle-leg in prison ;
In circle magical confined,
With walls of subtle air and wind,
1145 Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they're freed by head of borough.
Thither arrived, th' adventurous knight
And bold squire from their steeds alight
At th' outward wall, near which there stands
1150 A Bastile, built t' imprison hands ;
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts, and free the greater :
For tho' the body may creep through,
The hands in grate are fast enow :
1155 And when a circle 'bout the wrist
Is made by beadle exorcist,
The body feels the spur and switch,
As if 'twere ridden post by witch
At twenty miles an hour pace,
1160 And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a spire,

On which sir knight first bids the squire
The fiddle, and its spoils, the case,
In manner of a trophy, place.

1163 That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
'Like hermit poor in pensive place,'
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
1170 And the survivor of his feet;
But th' other that had broke the peace,
And head of knighthood, they release,
Though a delinquent false and forged,
Yet being a stranger, he's enlarged;
1175 While his comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapped up fast in prison for 't.
So justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

PART I.—CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The scattered rout return and rally,
Surround the place ; the knight does tally,
And is made prisoner : then they seize
Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
Croodero, and put the squire in 's place :
I should have first said Hudibras.*

A Y me ! what perils do environ
 The man that meddles with cold iron !
 What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
 Do dog him still with after-claps !
 , For though dame Fortune seem to smile,
 And leer upon him for a while,
 She'll after show him, in the nick
 Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
 This any man may sing or say
 , I' th' ditty called, 'What if a day ?'
 For Hudibras, who thought he 'ad won
 The field, as certain as a gun,
 And having routed the whole troop,
 With victory was cock-a-hoop ;
 , Thinking he 'ad done enough to purchase
 Thanksgiving-day among the churches,
 Wherein his mettle and brave worth
 Might be explained by holder-forth,

And registered by fame eternal,
• In deathless pages of diurnal;
Found in few minutes, to his cost,
He did but count without his host;
And that a turn-stile is more certain
Than, in events of war, dame Fortune.
• For now the late faint-hearted rout,
O'erthrown and scattered round about,
Chased by the horror of their fear,
From bloody fray of knight and bear,
All but the dogs, who in pursuit
• Of the knight's victory stood to't,
And most ignobly sought to get
The honour of his blood and sweat,
Seeing the coast was free and clear
O' the conquered and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and faced about,
As if they meant to stand it out:
For now the half-defeated bear,
Attacked by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
• For him to make a safe retreat,
Like a bold chieftain faced about;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haste
Faced the proud foe, and fled, and faced,
Retiring still, until he found
He 'ad got th' advantage of the ground;
And then as valiantly made head
To check the foe, and forthwith fled,
Leaving no art untried, nor trick
• Of warrior stout and politic,
Until, in spite of hot pursuit,
He gained a pass, to hold dispute

On better terms, and stop the course
Of the proud foe. With all his force
55 He bravely charged, and for a while
Forced their whole body to recoil ;
But still their numbers so increased,
He found himself at length oppressed,
And all evasions so uncertain,
60 To save himself for better fortune,
That he resolved, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And sell his hide and carcase at
A price as high and desperate
65 As e'er he could. This resolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
Th' enemy, i' th' greatest throng ;
But what could single valour do,
70 Against so numerous a foe ?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believed, where th' odds were such ;
But one against a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good :
75 For while one party he opposed,
His rear was suddenly enclosed,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight against a foe so great.
For now the mastiffs, charging home,
80 To blows and handy-gripes were come ;
While manfully himself he bore,
And, setting his right foot before,
He raised himself to show how tall
His person was above them all.
85 This equal shame and envy stirred
In th' enemy, that one should beard

So many warriors, and so stout,
As he had done, and staved it out,
Disdaining to lay down his arms,
₉₀ And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus, some in the rear
Attacked him, and some everywhere,
Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
And, being down, still laid about;
₉₅ As Widdrington, in doleful dumps,
Is said to fight upon his stumps.
But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
If Trulla and Cerdon, in the nick,
₁₀₀ To rescue him had not been quick:
For Trulla, who was light of foot,
As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,
But not so light as to be borne
Upon the ears of standing corn,
₁₀₅ Or trip it o'er the water quicker
Than witches, when their staves they liquor,
As some report, was got among
The foremost of the martial throng;
There pitying the vanquished bear,
₁₁₀ She called to Cerdon, who stood near,
Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,
'Shall we,' quoth she, 'stand still hum-drum,
And see stout Bruin, all alone,
By numbers basely overthrown?
₁₁₅ Such feats already he 'as achieved,
In story not to be believed,
And 'twould to us be shame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.'
 'I would,' quoth he, 'venture a limb
₁₂₀ To second thee, and rescue him;

But then we must about it straight,
Or else our aid will come too late;
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.'

125 This said, they waved their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground,
And joining forces, laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turned tail again, and straight begun,
130 As if the devil drove, to run.

Meanwhile th' approached th' place where Bruin
Was now engaged to mortal ruin:
The conquering foe they soon assailed,
First Trulla staved, and Cerdon tailed,
135 Until their mastiffs loosed their hold;
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worsted bear came off with store
Of bloody wounds, but all before:
For as Achilles, dipped in pond,
140 Was anabaptized free from wound,
Made proof against dead-doing steel
All over, but the pagan heel;
So did our champion's arms defend
All of him but the other end,
145 His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter lost a leathern parcel;
For as an Austrian archduke once
Had one ear, which in ducatoons
Is half the coin, in battle pared
150 Close to his head, so Bruin fared;
But tugged and pulled on th' other side,
Like scrivener newly crucified;
Or like the late-corrected leathern
Ears of the circumcised brethren.

155 But gentle Trulla into th' ring
He wore in's nose conveyed a string,
With which she marched before, and led
The warrior to a grassy bed,
As authors write, in a cool shade,
160 Which eglantine and roses made;
Close by a softly-murmuring stream,
Where lovers used to loll and dream;
There leaving him to his repose,
Secured from pursuit of foes,
165 And wanting nothing but a song,
And a well-tuned theorbo hung
Upon a bough, to ease the pain
His tugged ears suffered, with a strain.
They both drew up, to march in quest
170 Of his great leader, and the rest.
For Orsin, who was more renowned
For stout maintaining of his ground
In standing fights, than for pursuit,
As being not so quick of foot,
175 Was not long able to keep pace
With others that pursued the chase,
But found himself left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind.
Grieved to behold his bear pursued
180 So basely by a multitude,
And like to fall, not by the prowess,
But numbers, of his coward foes,
He raged, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;
185 Forcing the valleys to repeat
The accents of his sad regret:
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony bear;

That Echo, from the hollow ground,
190 His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
Than in small poets splay-foot rhymes,
That make her, in their ruthful stories,
To answer to int'rogatories,
195 And most unconscionably depose
To things of which she nothing knows ;
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
Quoth ho, 'O whither, wicked Bruin,
200 Art thou fled ? to my'—Echo, *Ruin*.
'I thought th' hadst scorned to budge a step
For fear.' Quoth Echo, *Marry guep*.
'Am I not here to take thy part ?
Then what has quailed thy stubborn heart ?
205 Have these bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled ?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it
For thy dear sake.' Quoth she, *Mum budget*.
'Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish
210 Thou turn'dst thy back ?' Quoth Echo, *Pish*.
'To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly !' Quoth Echo, *Mum*.
'But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy ?
215 Or, if thou hast no thought of me,
Nor what I have endured for thee,
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail :
For who would grutch to spend his blood in
220 His honour's cause ?' Quoth she, *A Puddin*.
This said, his grief to anger turned,
Which in his manly stomach burned ;

Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place
Of sorrow, now began to blaze.
225 He vowed the authors of his woe
Should equal vengeance undergo ;
And with their bones and flesh pay dear
For what he suffered, and his bear.
This be'ng resolved, with equal speed
230 And rage he hasted to proceed
To action straight, and giving o'er
To search for Bruin any more,
He went in quest of Hudibras,
To find him out where'er he was ;
235 And, if he were above ground, vowed
He'd ferret him, lurk where he would.
But scarce had he a furlong on
This resolute adventure gone,
When he encountered with that crew
240 Whom Hudibras did late subdue.
Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame,
Did equally their breasts inflame.
'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,
And Talgol, foe to Hudibras ;
245 Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout,
And resolute, as ever fought ;
Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke :
'Shall we,' quoth he, 'thus basely brook
The vile affront that paltry ass,
250 And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras,
With that mere paltry ragamuffin,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
As if th' had routed us in battle ?
255 For my part, it shall ne'er be said
I for the washing gave my head :

Nor did I turn my back for fear
Of them, but losing of my bear,
Which now I'm like to undergo;
250 For whether these fell wounds, or no,
He has received in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my skill can fortel;
Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome:
265 But if I can but find them 'out
That caused it, as I shall no doubt,
Where'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk,
I'll make them rue their handy-work,
And wish that they had rather dared
270 To pull the devil by the beard.'

Quoth Cerdon, 'Noble Orsin, th' hast
Great reason to do as thou say'st,
And so has every body here,
As well as thou hast, or thy bear:
275 Others may do as they see good;
But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,
And th' other mongrel vermin, Ralph,
280 That braved us all in his behalf.
Thy bear is safe, and out of peril,
Though lugged indeed, and wounded ver' ill;
Myself and Trulla made a shift
To help him out at a dead lift;
285 And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough:
There let him rest; for if we stay,
The slaves may hap to get away.'

This said, they all engaged to join
290 Their forces in the same design,

And forthwith put themselves in search
Of Hudibras upon their march :
Where leave we them a while, to tell
What the victorious knight befell ;
295 For such, Crowdero being fast
In dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant laurels seemed to grow
No where so green as on his brow ;
Laden with which, as well as tired
300 With conquering toil, he now retired
Unto a neighbouring castle by,
To rest his body, and apply
Fit medicines to each glorious bruise
He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues ;
305 To mollify th' uneasy pang
Of every honourable bang,
Which being by skilful midwife dressed,
He laid him down to take his rest.
But all in vain : he 'ad got a hurt
310 O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort,
By Cupid made, who took his stand
Upon a widow's jointure land,
For he, in all his amorous battles,
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels,
315 Drew home his bow, and aiming right,
Let fly an arrow at the knight ;
The shaft against a rib did glance
And gall him in the purtenance ;
But time had somewhat 'suaged his pain,
320 After he found his suit in vain :
For that proud dame, for whom his soul
Was burnt in 's belly like a coal,
That belly that so oft did ache,
And suffer griping for her sake,

325 Till purging comforts, and ants' eggs,
Had almost brought him off his legs,
Used him so like a base rascallion,
That old Pyg—what d' y' call him—malion,
That cut his mistress out of stone,

330 Had not so hard a hearted one.
She had a thousand jadish tricks,
Worse than a mule that flings and kicks ;
'Mong which one cross-grained freak she had,
As insolent as strange and mad ;

335 She could love none but only such
As scorned and hated her as much.
'Twas a strange riddle of a lady ;
Not love, if any loved her : hey day !
So cowards never use their might,

340 But against such as will not fight.
So some diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the sound.
He that gets her by heart, must say her
The back way, like a witch's prayer.

345 Meanwhile the knight had no small task
To compass what he durst not ask :
He loves, but dares not make the motion ;
Her ignorance is his devotion :
Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed

350 Rides with his face to rump of steed ;
Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move ;
Or like a tumbler that does play
His game, and looks another way,

355 Until he seize upon the coney ;
Just so does he by matrimony.
But all in vain ; her subtle snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out ;

CANTO III.]

HUDIBRAS.

Which she returned with too much scorn,
360 To be by man of honour borne;
Yet much he bore, until the distress
He suffered from his spiteful mistress
Did stir his stomach, and the pain
He had endured from her disdain
365 Turned to regret so resolute,
That he resolved to wave his suit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play least in sight.
This resolution being put on,
370 He kept some months, and more had done,
But being brought so nigh by fate,
The victory he achieved so late
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to discontinued hope,
375 That seemed to promise he might win
His dame too, now his hand was in;
And that his valour, and the honour
He 'ad newly gained, might work upon her:
These reasons made his mouth to water
380 With amorous longings to be at her.
Thought he, unto himself,—Who knows
But this brave conquest o'er my foes
May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
As I but now have forced the troop?
385 If nothing can oppugnè love,
And virtuo invious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both love and virtue too?
But thou bring'st valour, too, and wit,
390 Two things that seldom fail to hit.
Valour 's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft are taken in:

Then, Hudibras, why shouldst thou fear
To be, that art a conqueror !

395 Fortune the audacious doth *jurare*,
But lets the timidous miscarry :
Then, while the honour thou hast got
Is spick and span new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,

400 And trust thy fortune with the rest.
Such thoughts as these the knight did keep
More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep ;
And as an owl, that in a barn
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,

405 Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes,
As if he slept, until he spies
The little beast within his reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch ;
So from his couch the knight did start,

410 To seize upon the widow's heart,
Crying, with hasty tone and hoarse,
'Ralpho, despatch, to horse, to horse !'
And 'twas but time; for now the rout,
We left engaged to seek him out,

415 By speedy marches were advanced,
Up to the fort where he ensconced,
And all th' avenues had possessed,
About the place, from east to west.

That done, a while they made a halt,

420 To view the ground, and where t' assault :
Then called a council, which was best,
By siege, or onslaught, to invest
The enemy; and 'twas agreed
By storm and onslaught to proceed.

425 This being resolved, in comely sort
They now drew up t' attack the fort ;

When Hudibras, about to enter
Upon another-gates adventure,
To Ralph called aloud to arm,
430 Not dreaming of approaching storm.
Whether dame Fortune, or the care
Of angel bad, or tutelar,
Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
To which he was an utter stranger,
435 That foresight might, or might not, blot
The glory he had newly got ;
Or to his shame it might be said,
They took him napping in his bed ;
To them we leave it to expound,
440 That deal in sciences profound.

His courser scarce he had bestrid,
And Ralph that on which he rid,
When setting ope the postern gate,
Which they thought best to sally at,
445 The foe appeared, drawn up and drilled,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This somewhat startled the bold knight,
Surprised with th' unexpected sight :
The bruises of his bones and flesh
450 He thought began to smart afresh ;
Till recollecting wonted courage,
His fear was soon converted to rage,
And thus he spoke : 'The coward foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,
455 Look, yonder's rallied, and appears
As if they had out-run their fears ;
The glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat ;
And to their wills we must succumb,
460 Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.

This is the same numeric crew
Which we so lately did subdue ;
The self-same individuals that
Did run, as mice do from a cat,
465 When we courageously did wield
Our martial weapons in the field,
To tug for victory : and when
We shall our shining blades again
Brandish in terror o'er our heads,
470 They'll straight resume their wonted dreads.
Fear is an ague, that forsakes
And haunts, by fits, those whom it takes ;
And they'll opine they feel the pain
And blows they felt to-day, again.
475 Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.'
This said, his courage to inflame,
He called upon his mistress' name.
His pistol next he cocked a-new,
480 And out his nut-brown whinyard drew ;
And placing Ralpho in the front,
Reserved himself to bear the brunt,
As expert warriors use ; then plied,
With iron heel, his courser's side,
485 Conveying sympathetic speed
From heel of knight to heel of steed.
Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage
And speed, advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn so close,
490 Almost to come to handy-blows ;
When Orsin first let fly a stone
At Ralpho ; not so huge a one,
495 Yet big enough, if rightly hurled,
T' have sent him to another world,

Whether above ground, or below
Which saints, twice dipped, are destined to.
The danger startled the bold squire,
500 And made him some few steps retire ;
But Hudibras advanced to 's aid,
And roused his spirits half dismayed :
He wisely doubting lest the shot
O' th' enemy, now growing hot,
505 Might at a distance gall, pressed close
To come, pell-mell, to handy-blows,
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanced still in an oblique line ;
But prudently forbore to fire,
510 Till breast to breast he had got nigher ;
As expert warriors use to do,
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the adventurous knight,
Most soldier-like, observed in fight,
515 When Fortune, as she's wont, turned fickle,
And for the foe began to stickle.
The more shame for her goodyship
To give so near a friend the slip.
For Colon, choosing out a stone,
520 Levelled so right, it thumped upon
His manly paunch, with such a force,
As almost beat him off his horse.
He loosed his whinyard, and the rein,
But laying fast hold on the mane,
525 Preserved his seat : and, as a goose
In death contracts his talons close,
So did the knight, and with one claw
The trigger of his pistol draw.
The gun went of ; and as it was
530 Still fatal to stout Hudibras,

In all his feats of arms, when least
He dreamt of it, to prosper best,
So now he fared: the shot, let fly
At random, 'mong the enemy,
535 Pierced Talgol's gaberdine, and grazing
Upon his shoulder, in the passing
Lodged in Magnano's brass habergeon,
Who straight, 'A surgeon!' cried—'A surgeon!'
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
540 Did 'Murther! murther! murther!' yell.
This startled their whole body so,
That if the knight had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
He 'ad won, the second time, the fight;
545 As, if the squire had but fallen on,
He had inevitably done:
But he, diverted with the care
Of Hudibras his wound, forbare
To press th'advantage of his fortune,
550 While danger did the rest dishearten.
For he with Cerdon being engaged
In close encounter, they both waged
The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day.
555 And now the busy work of death
Had tired them so, they 'greed to breathe,
Preparing to renew the fight,
When the disaster of the knight,
And th' other party, did divert
560 Their fell intent, and forced them part.
Ralphe pressed up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon where Magnano was,
Each striving to confirm his party
With stout encouragements and hearty.

565 Quoth Ralpho, 'Courage, valiant Sir,
 And let revenge and honour stir
 Your spirits up; once more fall on,
 The shattered foe begins to run:
 For if but half so well you knew
 570 To use your victory as subdue,
 They durst not, after such a blow
 As you have given them, face us now;
 But from so formidable a soldier,
 Had fled like crows when they smell powder.
 575 Thrice have they seen your sword aloft
 Waved o'er their heads, and fled as oft;
 But if you let them re-collect
 Their spirits, now dismayed and checked,
 You'll have a harder game to play,
 580 Than yet ye 'ave had, to get the day.'

Thus spoke the stout squire, but was heard
 By Hudibras with small regard.
 His thoughts were fuller of the bang
 He lately took than Ralph's harangue;
 585 To which he answered, 'Cruel fate
 Tells me thy counsel comes too late.
 The clotted blood within my hose,
 That from my wounded body flows,
 With mortal crisis doth portend
 590 My days to appropinque an end.
 I am for action now unfit,
 Either of fortitude or wit;
 Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
 Resolved to pull my stomach down.
 595 I am not apt, upon a wound,
 Or trivial basting, to despond;
 Yet I'd be loth my days to curtail;
 For if I thought my wounds not mortal,

Or that w' had time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,
T'were the best course; but if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind
For them to seize on, the dishonour,
And danger too, is such, I'll sooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them see I am no starter.
In all the trade of war no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat:
For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least o' th' enemy.'

This said, the squire, with active speed,
Dismounted from his bony steed,
To seize the arms, which, by mischance,
Fell from the bold knight in a trance.
These being found out, and restored
To Hudibras, their natural lord,
As a man may say, with might and main
He hasted to get up again.
Thrice he essayed to mount aloft;
But, * * * as oft
He was pulled back; till having found
Th' advantage of the rising ground,
Thither he led his warlike steed,
And having placed him right, with speed
Prepared again to scale the beast,
When Orsin, who had newly dressed
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of Talgol, with Promethean powder,
And now was searching for the shot
That laid Magnano on the spot,
Beheld the sturdy squire aforesaid
Preparing to climb up his horse-side;

He left his cure, and laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold
635 Cried out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begin to rally ;
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.'

This said, like to a thunderbolt,
640 He flew with fury to th' assault,
Striving th' enemy to attack
Before he reached his horse's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beast with active vaulting,
645 Wriggling his body to recover
His seat, and cast his right leg over ;
When Orsin, rushing in, bestowed
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The beast was startled, and begun
650 To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough squire, like a sack,
Or stout king Richard, on his back ;
Till stumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruised, and cast into a swoon.

655 Meanwhile the knight began to rouse
The sparkles of his wonted prowess.
This, with the hazard of the squire,
Inflamed him with despiteful ire ;
Courageously he faced about,
And drew his other pistol out,

660 And now had half way bent the cock,
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon, 'thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm ;
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
670 Essayed to pull him off his steed.

The knight his sword had only left,
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the least cropped off a limb,
But Orsin came, and rescued him.
675 He with his lance attacked the knight
Upon his quarters opposite :
But as a bark that in foul weather,
Tossed by two adverse winds together,
Is bruised and beaten to and fro,
680 And knows not which to turn him to ;
So fared the knight between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppose ;
Till Orsin, charging with his lance
At Hudibras, by spiteful chance
685 Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunned
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the knight began to cheer up,
And, raising up himself on stirrup,
Cried out, '*Victoria !* lie thou there,
690 And I shall straight despatch another
To bear thee company in death ;
But first I'll halt a while, and breathe.'
As well he might ; for Orsin, grieved
At the wound that Cerdon had received,
695 Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he gave before.
Meanwhile the knight had wheeled about,
To breathe himself, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where best
700 He might the ruffled foe infest.
This being resolved, he spurred his steed,
To run at Orsin with full speed,
While he was busy in the care
Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware ;

705 But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part applied remedy ;
And seeing th' enemy prepared,
Drew up, and stood upon his guard ;
Then, like a warrior, right expert
710 And skilful in the martial art,
The subtle knight straight made a halt,
And judged it best to stay th' assault,
Until he had relieved the squire,
And then, in order, to retire ;
715 Or, as occasion should invite,
With forces joined renew the fight.
Ralph, by this time disentranced,
* * * himself advanced,
Though sorely bruised ; his limbs all o'er,
720 With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore :
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone ;
When Hudibras to aid him came.
Quoth he, and called him by his name,
725 'Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more, as conquerors,
Have both the field and honour won,
The foe is profligate, and run ;
I mean all such as can, for some
730 This hand hath sent to their long home ;
And some lie sprawling on the ground,
With many a gash and bloody wound.
Cæsar himself could never say
He got two victories in a day,
735 As I have done, that can say, twice I,
In one day *Veni, vidi, vici*.
The foe's so numerous, that we
Cannot so often *vincere*,

And they *perire*, and yet know
Be left to strike an after-blow ;
Then, lest they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the business o'er,
Get up, and mount thy steed ; despatch,
And let us both their motions watch.'

Quoth Ralph, 'I should not, if I were
In case for action, now be here ;
Nor have I turned my back, or hanged
* * for fear of being banged.
It was for you I got these harms,
Adventuring to fetch off your arms.
The blows and drubs I have received
Have bruised my body, and bereaved
My limbe of strength : unless you stoop,
And reach your hand to pull me up,
I shall lie here, and be a prey
To those who are now run away.'

'That thou shalt not,' quoth Hudibras ;
'We read, the ancients held it ~~was~~
More honourable far *servare*
Civem, than slay an adversary ;
The one we oft to-day have done,
The other shall despatch anon :
And though th' art of a different church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.'

This said, he jogged his good steed nigher,
And steered him gently t'wards the squire ;
Then bowing down his body, stretched
His hand out, and at Ralph reached ;
When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charged him like lightening behind.
She had been long in search about
Magnano's wound, to find it out ;

But could find none, nor where the shot
That had so startled him was got:
775 But having found the worst was past,
She fell to her own work at last,
The pillage of the prisoners,
Which in all feats of arms was hers ;
And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
780 When Hudibras his hard fate drew
To succour him ; for as he bowed
To help him up, she laid a load
Of blows so heavy, and placed so well,
On th' other side, that down he fell.
785 ' Yield, scoundrel base,' quoth she, ' or die ;
Thy life is mine, and liberty ;
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And dar'st presume to be so hardy,
To try thy fortune o'er afresh,
790 I'll wave my title to thy flesh,
Thy arms and baggage, now my right,
And if thou hast the heart to try't,
I'll lend thee back thyself a while,
And once more, for that carcase vile,
795 Fight upon tick.'—Quoth Hudibras,
' Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,
And I shall take thee at thy word.
First let me rise and take my sword ;
That sword, which has so oft this day
800 Through squadrons of my foes made way,
And some to other worlds despatched,
Now with a feeble spinster matched,
Will blush, with blood ignoble stained,
By which no honour's to be gained.
805 But if thou'l take m' advice in this,
Consider, while thou mayst, what 'tis

To interrupt a victor's course,
B' opposing such a trivial force.
For if with conquest I come off,
810 And that I shall do sure enough,
Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace,
By law of arms, in such a case ;
Both which I now do offer freely.'

'I scorn,' quoth she, 'thou coxcomb silly,
Quarter or counsel from a foe ;
If thou canst force me to it, do.
But lest it should again be said,

820 When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping, unprepared,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.'

This said, she to her tackle fell,
And on the knight let fall a peal
825 Of blows so fierce, and pressed so home,
That he retired. * * *

'Stand to 't,' quoth she. This stirred his spleen
830 More than the danger he was in,
The blows he felt or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel.
Honour, despite, revenge, and shame,
At once into his stomach came ;

835 Which fired it so, he raised his arm
Above his head, and rained a storm
Of blows so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to hash her quick.
But she upon her truncheon took them,

840 And by oblique diversion broke them ;
Waiting an opportunity
To pay back all with usury,
Which long she failed not of ; for now
The knight with one dead-doing blow,

845 Resolving to decide the fight,
And she with quick and cunning sleight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charged upon it was so great,
As almost swayed him to the ground :

850 No sooner she th' advantage found,
But in she flew ; and seconding,
With home-made thrust, the heavy swing,
She laid him flat upon his side,
And mounting on his trunk a-stride,

855 Quoth she, 'I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, base scum.
Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace, and quarter now ?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,

860 And stain thine honour, than thy sword ?
A man of war to damn his soul,
In basely breaking his parole ;
And when before the fight, th' hadst vowed
To give no quarter in cold blood ;

865 Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,
To make m' against my will take quarter ;
Why dost not put me to the sword,
But cowardly fly from thy word ?'

Quoth Hudibras, 'The day's thine own ;
870 Thou and thy stars have cast me down :
My laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy conquering brow :
My loss of honour's great enough,
Thou needst not brand it with a scoff :

875 Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,
But cannot blur my lost renown :
I am not now in fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.

The ancient heroes were illustr'ous
880 For being benign, and not blustrous
Against a vanquished foe: their swords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courtesies about.'

885 Quoth she, 'Although thou hast deserved,
Base Slubberdegullion, to be served
As thou didst vow to deal with me,
If thou hadst got the victory:
Yet I shall rather act a part
890 That suits my fame, than thy desert.
Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
All that's on th' outside of thy hide,
Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one straw;
895 The rest, thy life and limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I restore.'

Quoth Hudibras, 'It is too late
For me to treat or stipulate;
What thou command'st I must obey;
900 Yet those whom I expunged to-day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too,
Both dogs and bear, upon their parole,
Whom I took prisoners in this quarrel.'

905 Quoth Trulla, 'Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was't not thou
That gave Crowdero quarter too?
Crowdero whom in irons bound,
910 Thou basely thréw'st into Lob's pound,
Where still he lies, and with regret
His generous bowels rage and fret;

But now thy carcase shall redeem,
And serve to be exchanged for him.'

915 This said, the knight did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet :

Next he disrobed his gaberdine,
And with it did himself resign.

She took it, and forthwith divesting
920 The mantle that she wore, said jesting,

'Take that, and wear it for my sake ;'

Then threw it o'er his sturdy back :

And as the French, we conquered once,

Now give us laws for pantaloons,

925 The length of breeches and the gathers,
Port-cannons, periwigs and feathers,

Just so the proud, insulting lass

Arrayed and dighted Hudibras.

Meanwhile the other champions, erst
930 In hurry of the fight dispersed,

Arrived, when Trulla won the day,

To share i' th' honour and the prey,

And out of Hudibras his hide,

With vengeance to be satisfied ;

935 Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden shower ;

But Trulla thrust herself between,

And striding o'er his back again,

She brandished o'er her head his sword,

940 And vowed they should not break her word ;
Sh' had given him quarter, and her blood,

Or theirs, should make that quarter good ;

For she was bound, by law of arms,

To see him safe from further harms.

945 In dungeon deep Crowdero cast
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast,

Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
His great heart made perpetual moans :
Him she resolved that Hudibras
950 Should ransom, and supply his place.

This stopped their fury, and the basting
Which towards Hudibras was hastening.
They thought it was but just and right,
That what she had achieved in fight,
955 She should dispose of how she pleased ;
Crowdero ought to be released :
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this she pitched upon :
For who a better could imagine ?
960 This therefore they resolved t' engage in.

The knight and squire first they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid,
Then mounted both upon their horses,
But with their faces * * *.

965 Orsin led Hudibras's beast,
And Talgol that which Ralph pressed ;
Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon, waited as a guard on ;
All ushering Trulla, in the rear,
970 With th' arms of either prisoner.

In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' enchanted castle,
Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.
975 Thither, with greater speed than shows,
And triumph over conquered foes,
Do use t' allow, or than the bears,
Or pageants borne before lord-mayors,
Are wont to use, they soon arrived,
980 In order, soldier-like contrived ;

Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for battle as for muster.
The knight and squire they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst the fort their force,
They all advanced, and round about
985 Begirt the magical redoubt.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter:
For he was skilful in black art,
No less than he that built the fort,
990 And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which straight all entered at,
And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground :
Him they release from durance base,
995 Restored t' his fiddle and his case,
And liberty, his thirsty rage
With luscious vengeance to assuage ;
For he no sooner was at large,
But Trulla straight brought on the charge,
1000 And in the self-same limbo put
The knight and squire, where he was shut ;
Where leaving them in th' wretched hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confined and conjured into narrow
1005 Enchanted mansion, to know sorrow,
In the same order and array
Which they advanced, they marched away :
But Hudibras, who scorned to stoop
To fortune, or be said to droop,
1010 Cheered up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers.
Quoth he, 'Th' one half of man, his min-
Is, *sui juris*, unconfin'd,

1015 And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not restraint, or liberty,
That makes men prisoners or free ;
But perturbations that possess
1020 The mind, or equanimities.
The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander, when he cried,
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a paltry narrow tub to
1025 Diogenes ; who is not said,
For aught that ever I could read,
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
Because h' had ne'er another tub.
The ancients made two several kinds
1030 Of prowess in heroic minds,
The active and the passive valiant,
Both which are *pari libra* gallant ;
For both to give blows, and to carry,
In fights are equi-necessary :
1035 But in defeats, the passive stout
Are always found to stand it out
Most desperately, and to out-do
The active, 'gainst a conquering foe :
Though we with blacks and blues are suggilled,
1040 Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgelled ;
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubbed, can lose no honour by 't.
Honour's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
1045 The legal tenant : 'tis a chattel
Not to be forfeited in battle.
If he that in the field is slain,
Be in the bed of honour lain,

CANTO III.]

HUDIBRAS.

He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle-bed.
For as we see th' eclipsed sun
By mortals is more gazed upon
Than when, adorned with all his light,
He shines in serene sky most bright;
So valour, in a low estate,
Is most admired and wondered at.'

Quoth Ralph, 'How great I do not know
We may, by being beaten, grow';
But none that see how here we sit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit.
As gifted brethren, preaching by
A carnal hour-glass, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to say,
But not how much; so well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off.
For who, without a cap and bauble,
Having subdued a bear and rabble,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a second proof;
A politic exploit, right fit
For presbyterian zeal and wit.'

Quoth Hudibras, 'That cuckoo's tone,
Ralphe, thou always harp'st upon:
When thou at anything wouldest rail,
Thou mak'st presbytery thy scale
To take the height on't, and explain
To what degree it is profane;
What'sever will not with—thy—what-d'-ye-c
Thy light—jump right, thou call'st synodica
As if presbyt'ry were a standard
To size what'sever's to be slandered.

Dost not remember how this day
Thou to my beard wast bold to say,
That thou couldst prove bear-baiting equal
With synods, orthodox and legal ?
Do, if thou canst, for I deny 't,
And dare thee to 't with all thy light.'

Quoth Ralpho, 'Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do,
That has but any guts in's brains,
And could believe it worth his pains ;
But since you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical bear-gardens,
Where elders, deputies, church-wardens,
And other members of the court,
Manage the Babylonish sport ;
For prolocutor, scribe, and bear-ward,
Do differ only in a mere word.

Both are but several synagogues
Of carnal men, and bears and dogs :
Both antichristian assemblies,
To mischief bent, as far's in them lies :

Both stave and tail with fierce contests,
The one with men, the other beasts.
The difference is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth ;
And that they bait but bears in this,

In th' other, souls and consciences ;
Where saints themselves are brought to stake
For gospel-light and conscience' sake :
Exposed to scribes and presbyters,
Instead of mastiff dogs and curs ;

Than whom they've less humanity,
For these at souls of men will fly.

CANTO III.]

HUDIBRAS.

This to the prophet did appear,
Who in a vision saw a bear,
Prefiguring the beastly rage
1130 Of church-rule, in this latter age :
As is demonstrated at full
By him that baited the pope's bull.
Bears naturally are beasts of prey,
That live by rapine ; so do they.
1135 What are their orders, constitutions,
Church-censures, curses, absolutions,
But several mystic chains they make,
To tie poor Christians to the stake ?
And then set heathen officers,
1140 Instead of dogs, about their ears.
For to prohibit and dispense,
To find out, or to make offence ;
Of hell and heaven to dispose,
To play with souls at fast and loose ;
1145 To set what characters they please,
And mulcts on sin or godliness ;
Reduce the church to gospel-order,
By rapine, sacrilege, and murder ;
To make presbytery supreme,
1150 And kings themselves submit to them ;
And force all people, though against
Their consciences, to turn saints ;
Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
When saints monopolists are made :
1155 When pious frauds, and holy shifts,
Are dispensations, and gifts ;
There godliness becomes mere ware,
And every synod but a fair.
Synods are whelps o' th' Inquisition,
1160 A mongrel breed of like pernicious,

And growing up, became the sires
Of scribes, commissioners, and triers ;
Whose business is, by cunning sleight,
To cast a figure for men's light ;
1155 To find, in lines of beard and face,
The physiognomy of grace ;
And by the sound and twang of nose,
If all be sound within, disclose,
Free from a crack, or flaw of sinning,
1160 As men try pipkins by the ringing ;
By black caps underlaid with white,
Give certain guess at inward light ;
Which serjeants at the gospel wear,
To make the spritual calling clear.
1165 The handkerchief about the neck—
Canonical cravat of smeck,
From whom the institution came,
When church and state they set on flame,
And worn by them as badges then
1170 Of spiritual warfaring-men—
Judge rightly if regeneration
Be of the newest cut in fashion :
Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
That grace is founded in dominion.
1175 Great piety consists in pride ;
To rule is to be sanctified :
To domineer, and to control
Both o'er the body and the soul,
Is the most perfect discipline
1180 Of church-rule, and by right divine.
Bel and the Dragon's chaplains were
More moderate than these by far :
For they, poor knaves, were glad to cheat,
To get their wives and children meat ;

1185 But these will not be fobbed off so,
They must have wealth and power too,
Or else with blood and desolation,
They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.
Sure these themselves from primitive
1190 And heathen priesthood do derive,
When butchers were the only clerks,
Elders and presbyters of kirks ;
Whose directory was to kill ;
And some believe it is so still.
1195 The only difference is, that then
They slaughtered only beasts, now men.
For then to sacrifice a bullock,
Or, now and then, a child to Moloch,
They count a vile abomination,
1200 But not to slaughter a whole nation.
Presbytery does but translate
The papacy to a free state,
A commonwealth of popery,
Where every village is a see
1205 As well as Rome, and must maintain
A tithe-pig metropolitan ;
Where every presbyter and deacon
Commands the keys for cheese and bacon ;
And every hamlet's governed
1210 By's holiness, the church's head,
More haughty and severe in's place,
Than Gregory and Boniface.
Such church must, surely, be a monster
With many heads : for if we conster
1215 What in th' Apocalypse we find,
According to th' apostle's mind,
'Tis that * * * Babylon
With many heads did ride upon ;

Which heads denote the sinful tribe
1230 Of deacon, priest, lay-elder, scribe.
Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
Whose little finger is as heavy
As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
And bishop-secular. This zealot
1235 Is of a mongrel, diverse kind,
Cleric before, and lay behind ;
A lawless linsey-woolsey brother,
Half of one order, half another ;
A creature of amphibious nature,
1240 On land a beast, a fish in water ;
That always preys on grace, or sin ;
A sheep without, a wolf within.
This fierce inquisitor has chief
Dominion over men's belief
1245 And manners ; can pronounce a saint
Idolatrous or ignorant,
When superciliously he sifts,
Through coarsest bolter, others' gifts :
For all men live and judge amiss,
1250 Whose talents jump not just with his.
He'll lay on gifts with hands, and place
On dullest noddle light and grace,
The manufacture of the kirk,
Whose pastors are but th' handiwork
1255 Of his mechanic paws, instilling
Divinity in them by feeling :
From whence they start up chosen vessels,
Made by contact, as men get measles.'
'Hold, hold,' quoth Hudibras, 'soft fire,
They say, does make sweet malt. Good squire,
Festina lente, not too fast ;
For haste, the proverb says, makes waste.

1255 The quirks and cavils thou dost make
Are false, and built upon mistake:
And I shall bring you, with your pack
Of fallacies, t' elenchi back;
And put your arguments in mood
1260 And figure to be understood.
I'll force you by right ratiocination
To leave your vitilitigation,
And make you keep to th' question close,
And argue *dialecticis*.

1265 The question then, to state it first,
Is, which is better or which worst,
Synods or bears? Bears I avow
To be the worst, and synods thou.
But to make good th' assertion,
1270 Thou say'st th' are really all one.
If so, not worst; for if they're *idem*,
Why then *tantundem dat tantidem*.
For if they are the same, by course
Neither is better, neither worse.

1275 But I deny they are the same,
More than a maggot and I am.
That both are *animalia*
I grant, but not *rationalia*:
For though they do agree in kind,
1280 Specific difference we find.
And can no more make bears of these,
Than prove my horse is Socrates.
That synods are bear-gardens too,
Thou dost affirm; but I say, No:
1285 And thus I prove it, in a word;
What'sever assembly's not empowered
To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,
Can be no synod; but bear-garden

Has no such power, *ergo 'tis none* ;
1290 And so thy sophistry 's o'erthrown.
But yet we are beside the question
Which thou didst raise the first contest on ;
For that was, whether bears are better
Than synod-men ! I say *Negatur*.
1295 That bears are beasts, and synods men,
Is held by all : they're better then,
For bears and dogs on four legs go,
As beasts ; but synod-men on two.
'Tis true they all have teeth and nails ;
1300 But prove that synod men have tails ;
Or that a rugged shaggy fur
Grows o'er the hide of presbyter ;
Or that his snout and spacious ears
Do hold proportion with a bear's.
1305 A bear 's a savage beast, of all
Most ugly and unnatural,
Whelped without form, until the dam
Has licked it into shape and frame :
But all thy light can n'er evict,
1310 That ever synod-man was licked,
Or brought to any other fashion
Than his own will and inclination.
But thou dost further yet in this
Oppugn thyself and sense ; that is,
1315 Thou wouldest have presbyters to go
For bears and dogs, and bear-wards too :
A strange chimera of beasts and men,
Made up of pieces het'rogene ;
Such as in nature never met,
1320 *In eodem subjecto* yet.
Thy other arguments are all
Supposures hypothetical,

That do but beg ; and we may choose
Either to grant them, or refuse.
1325 Much thou hast said, which I know when,
And where thou stol'st from other men,
Whereby 'tis plain thy light and gifts
Are all but plagiary shifts ;
And is the same that Ranter said
1330 Who, arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handful of my beard ;
The self-same cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot dispute about
This controversy, we fell out ;
1335 And what thou know'st I answered then
Will serve to answer thee again.'
Quoth Ralpho, ' Nothing but th' abuse
Of human learning you produce ;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
1340 Profane, erroneous, and vain ;
A trade of knowledge as replete,
As others are with fraud and cheat ;
An art t' incumber gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit ;
1345 Makes light unactive, dull and troubled,
Like little David in Saul's doublet :
A cheat that scholars put upon
Other men's reason and their own ;
A sort of error, to ensconce
1350 Absurdity and ignorance,
That renders all the avenues
To truth impervious, and abstruse,
By making plain things, in debate,
By art perplexed, and intricate ;
1355 For nothing goes for sense or light,
That will not with old rules jump right.

As if rules were not in the schools
Derived from truth, but truth from rules.
This pagan, heathenish invention
¹³⁶⁰ Is good for nothing but contention.
For as in sword-and-buckler fight,
All blows do on the target light ;
So when men argue, the great' st part
O' the contest falls on terms of art,
¹³⁶⁵ Until the fustian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to th' argument.'
Quoth Hudibras, 'Friend Ralph, thou hast
Out-run the constable at last :
For thou art fallen on a new
¹³⁷⁰ Dispute, as senseless as untrue,
But to the former opposite,
And contrary as black to white ;
Mere *disparata*, that concerning
Presbytery, this human learning ;
¹³⁷⁵ Two things s' averse, they never yet,
But in thy rambling fancy, met.
But I shall take a fit occasion
T' evince thee by' ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
¹³⁸⁰ Than this we're in ; therefore let's stop here,
And rest our weary bones a while,
Already tired with other toil.'

NOTES

NOTES.

PART I.—CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

1. *Hudibras*. There has been an immense amount of speculation as to the origin of this name. Nash considers that Butler probably took it from Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, II., ll. 17.

'He that made love unto the eldest dame
Was hight Sir Hudibras, an hardy man ;
Yet not so good of deeds as great of name
Which he by many rash adventures wan,
Since errant arms to sew he first began.'

Others, again, have supposed that it might be derived from the French, Hugo or Hugo de Bras, i.e. Hugh with the Strong Arm. Cf. also Geoffrey of Monmouth, *Hist. Reg. Brit.*, Lib. II. § 9 : 'Vixit deinde Leir post sumptum regnum viginti quinque annis, sed regnum tepide in fine rexit. Quocirca segnitia insisteret, civilis discordia in regno orta est. Post hunc regnavit filius ejus Hudibras triginta novem annis: qui populum ex civili dissidio in concordiam reducens condidit Kaerlem, hoc est Kantuariam. . . . Tum Capys filius Epiti regnabat: et Aggeus, Amos, Joel, Azarias propheteabant.' This is another possible origin of the name, and one which the curiousness of Butler's learning brings within the range of probability. Cf. also the *Memoirs of the Society of Grub Street*, No. 53, 1731 :—'There was, when Butler wrote *Hudibras*, one Colonel Rolls, a Devonshire man, who lodged with him and was exactly like his description of the knight: whence it is highly probable that it was this gentleman and not Sir Samuel Luke, whose person he had in his eye. The reason that he gave for calling his poem *Hudibras* was because the name of the old tutelar saint of Devonshire was Hugo de Bra.' This is evidence worthy of

consideration; but on the other hand in the *Key to Hudibras*, printed in 1715 and attributed to Roger L'Estrange, we find: 'Hudibras, a name which the author of that excellent poem so intitl'd bestows on Sir Samuel Luke of Bedfordshire, a self-conceited commander under Oliver Cromwel.' And there can be little question that this is the real original from which the character of Hudibras is drawn. Cf. lines 15 and 902, and Introduction, p. xv.

In the middle. It is not easy to see why Bishop Warburton should have considered these lines to be a ridicule on Ronsard's *Franciade*, and Sir William Davenant's *Gondibert*. Both these works, it is true, were unfinished, but such a coincidence is far too slender a thread to hang a theory on.

CANTO I.

1. **civil fury.** The first edition reads *dudgeon*. It was altered by Butler in his edition of 1674 to *civil fury*, and has remained so in most subsequent editions. Whether the change was an improvement is open to much doubt. *Dudgeon* is a good burlesque word. It occurs in another sense in Hudibras, for a small dagger. Cf. I. i. 379 and note, where the two words are distinguished.

2. **knew not why.** 'There will never be wanting in any country some discontented spirits and some designing craftsmen, but when these confusions began the more part knew not wherefore they were come together.'—PERRINCHEIR'S *Life of Charles I.*

3. **hard words.** Cf. note on line 111.

Jealousies and fears. These were words constantly bandied between Charles I. and the Parliament. See the King's answer to the petition for the militia, 1641, 'You speak of jealousies and fears; lay your hands to your hearts and ask yourselves, whether I may not be disturbed with jealousies and fears.'

4. **folks.** An incorrect double plural. *Folk* is a collective noun, and the added *s* is redundant.

6. **as for punk.** That is, as for a mistress. Cf.

'Religion now is a young mistress here
For which each man will fight and die at least;
Let it alone a while and 'twill become
A kind of married wife; people will be
Content to live with it in quietness.'

SIR J. SUCKLING, *Brennorallt*, Act. III. Sc. i.

10. **long eared rout.** The Puritans wore their hair cut short, whence their name Roundheads; and whence also their ears seemed very conspicuous to the eyes of the Cavaliers. They also had a habit of putting their hands behind their ears, for the better hearing of a discourse. Cf.—

‘And pricks up his predestinating ears.’

DRYDEN, *The Hind and the Panther*, Pt. I. l. 165.

12. The Presbyterians preached with very vehement action. Cf. ‘Mr. John Sedgwick thrashed such a sweating Lecture that he put off his doublet.’—*Letter from a Spy at Oxford to Mr. Pym*, 1643, p. 4.

14. **a colonelling.** In the First Edition the *a* was omitted, probably by a printer’s error.

16. **mirror of knighthood.**

‘Sir Samuel, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirrour of Knighthood,
Was one of those who first marched out
To raise a Regimental Rout.’

BUTLER’S Posthumous Works, *Memoirs of
the years 1649 and 1650.*

The same phrase is applied by Cervantes to Don Quixote, Vol. I. Bk. ii. Chap. 1.

The close correspondence between the description here of Hudibras and the above-quoted lines applied to Sir Samuel Luke, should identify almost beyond question the original of Hudibras as being really Sir Samuel. Though as to the genuineness of these lines cf. Introduction, p. xiii.

17. **never bowed.** The Presbyterians refused to kneel at the Lord’s Supper.

19. **put up blow.** That is, ‘submitted to.’ We now say ‘put up with.’

that which laid. That by which the king dubbed him a knight. Cf. II., i. 235. Cf. also—

‘And by that sword I swear
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder.’

King Richard II., Act I. Sc. i.

22. **cartel.** More commonly spelt *cartel*. A challenge, or writing containing some terms of combat. ‘By our Lady of Bethlehem, if it be not a foolish jest, it is the most extraordinary cartel that ever was sent across the drawbridge of a baronial castle.’—SIR W. SCOTT, *Ivanhoe*, Chap. xxvi.

24. **swaddle.** Here to bang or cudgel.

26. ἀμφότερον, βασιλεύς τ’ ἀγαθὸς κρατερός τ’ αἰχμητής.
HOMER, *Iliad*, III. 179.

32. **pother.** This word is written in very various ways.

Podder and *pudder* are both found, and even in the same author. Cf.

‘Such a *polter*
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were silly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.’

SNAKES. *Coriolanus*, I. i. 235.

‘Let the great gods
That kept this dreadful *pudder* o'er our heads
Find out their enemies.’

SNAKES. *King Lear*, III. ii. 49.

38. **Montaigne.** Butler probably had been reminded of this passage in Montaigne's *Essays* when Walton's *Complete Angler* was published in 1653. The whole passage is there translated in the first chapter of the *Angler*. The original is to be found in the twelfth chapter of the second book of the *Essais*, and is as follows: ‘Quand je me joue à ma chatte, qui sait si elle passe son temps de moy plus que je ne fais d'elle? Nous nous entretenons de singeries reciproques: si j'ay mon heure de commencer ou de refuser, aussi a elle la sienne. . . . Par cette mesme raison, elles nous peuvent estimer bestes comme nous les estimons.’—Edition Prévost-Paradol, 1865, Vol. II. p. 173.

45. **we grant . . . using it.** Pope endeavoured to imitate this couplet; *Essay on Criticism*, l. 180. He first wrote—

‘There are whom Heaven has bless'd with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it.’

These lines having been attacked by Dennis as containing an obvious blunder, Pope made them worse by altering them to—

‘Some to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse
Want as much more to turn it to its use.’

This intensifies the fault. It is a curious testimony to the greatness of Butler's genius that when even such a practised writer as Pope endeavours to improve upon him, the result is grievous.

52. **as naturally.** Cf.

‘He Greek and Latin speaks with greater ease
Than hogs eat acorns and tame pigeons pease.’

LIONEL CRANFIELD's *Panegyric upon Tom Corial*.

59. **for = Fr. Quant-à.**

60. **in barren ground.** Most of the commentators consider that Butler is here alluding to an old superstition that Hebrew is the primitive language of mankind, and that children if left to themselves, and taught no other language would at length be found speaking Hebrew. Cf. SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S *Vulgar Errors*, Bk. V., Ch. 22.

But there is no need to fancy that Butler is making any such allusion. He is probably merely taking advantage for satirical purposes, of the truism that learning alone does not confer practical wisdom. Cf.

‘Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause a while from learning, to be wise.’

JOHNSON, *Vanity of Human Wishes*, First Ed., l. 158.

66. **analytic.** This name for the science of Logic comes down from Aristotle, who applied it to the most important part of his logical investigations. The name ‘Logic’ was applied by the Stoics and by some of the early commentators of Aristotle, but was not used in this sense by Aristotle himself.

73. **buzzard.** A vulgar word for a fool. Cf. ‘Those blind buzzards, who in late years, of wilful maliciousness, would neither learn themselves nor could teach others anything at all.’—Ascham, *Schoolmaster*. *Calf* and *goose* are used in a similar sense, still preserved in modern slang; as also is the word *rook* in the sense Butler here intends it, as equivalent to *swindler* or *sharpener*.

76. **committee-men or trustees.** In many counties, notably in the ‘associated’ counties of Middlesex, Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire, persons were appointed by the Parliament under the name of ‘Committee Men’ or ‘Trustees,’ to whom were delegated the powers of the Parliament itself. These powers they used with very little scruple. See an account, which must however be taken with very great reservation, of these committees in John Walker’s *Sufferings of the Episcopal Clergy*, Part I., pp. 61 sq., Ed. 1861, and on the other side Neal’s *History of the Puritans*, Vol. III., Chap. i. Cf. also I. ii. 721 and note.

79. **syllagism, mood, figure.** See any treatise on logic.

82. **trope** (*τρέπω*), a word turned from its original meaning. All metaphorical expressions come under this general head, e.g., ‘Glowing eloquence,’ ‘A stony heart.’

93. **a Babylonish dialect.** Babylon was built on the supposed site of the Tower of Babel. Cf.

‘Strange tongues—whate’er men may them call,
In short the man is able
To tell you what’s o’clock in all
The dialects of Babel.’

Hood, *Ode to Sir Thomas Bowring*.

98. **like fustian . . . satin.** Fustian is a common kind of coarse cloth made of linen and cotton. Sleeves were formerly made of this material slashed into holes so that a satin lining might show through it. But the word has also a secondary meaning of trumpery of any kind, bombastic language; and

this Butler has in view. Cf. Milton, *Arcopagitica*, p. 35, Clarendon Press Series, 'Nothing had bin there written now these many years but flattery and fustian.' Butler is fond of this word. Cf. I. iii. 1365, ll. i. 590, &c. &c.

103. *Cerberus*. The dog that guarded the gates of Hades. According to the more general account he had three heads, though various poets endow him with more or less.

111. *debased and hard*. Hard words are a favourite subject of ridicule with Butler. Cf. in this canto, ll. 3 and 85.

112. *touch*. Here = try, test. The touchstone is a simple test for gold, which being rubbed on it stains it yellow by reason of the softness of the metal, whilst other minerals, such as iron pyrites, which resemble gold in appearance, are too hard to mark the stone.

115. *the orator*. This alludes to Demosthenes. This famous orator had many difficulties to surmount, and broke down altogether on his first public appearance. He had a weak voice and an impediment in his speech. To cure these defects he is said to have practised speaking with pebbles in his mouth by the sea-shore, trying to make himself audible above the noise of the waves.

120. *Tycho Brahe* (1546-1601) the great Danish astronomer. His early promise of talent was observed by an uncle, who had him educated with great care, much against the wishes of his family. His devotion to science and his marriage to a lady his inferior in rank so disgusted his noble relations that he had to leave Denmark, and he died at Prague after a life of great devotion to study, with the noble wish on his lips: 'Ne frustra vixisse videar. He made many improvements in instruments for celestial observations as well as in the art of using them.

Erra Pater. Probably William Lilly is thus ridiculed under the name of an old astrologer. 'This was a hidden blessing, whose effects are yet to be seen. 'Tis one of Erra Pater's predictions, 'tis entailed upon his issue.'—JOHN TAYLOR, the Water Poet, Preface to *A Cast over the Water*, Works, p. 156. 'O the infallibility of Erra Pater Lilly.'—*Memoirs of the Years 1649 and 1650*.

William Lilly (1602-1670) was a celebrated astrologer, and the author of many works, in which much astrological nonsense is mingled with a little sound history. His shrewdness and good fortune enabled him to make many lucky guesses at what would happen, and thus he gained a reputation.

127. *Philosopher—gloss over*. This queer rhyme occurs again at I. 2. 1.

129. *hath*. Nash desires to alter this to *saih*. Such a

change is quite unnecessary. There was in Butler's time an affectation of using this word in quoting: 'As the Scripture hath it' was the most ordinary way of referring.

132. **for every why he had a wherefore.** The phrase is proverbial. Cf. SHAKSPEARE, *Comedy of Errors*, Act. II., Sc. ii, l. 40.

'Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for they say every why has a wherefore.'

140. **that which was which he could not tell.** The notions here alluded to are the lineal descendants of the Platonic *ἰδέαι*. The use of language early revealed to thinkers that the common name required explanation, because things differing amongst themselves were yet called by the same name. They then imagined certain types, or perfect forms, by participating in the nature of which the individual things proved their title to the names. These types (*ἰδέαι*) were eternal and perfect; the *real* as opposed to the phenomenal existences. And they were supposed by Plato to be the only things which had actual real existence, things as we perceive them being merely perishing images of these eternal types. Hence just that which Locke afterwards pointed out to be only the idea of a thing, was held to be the real thing itself. Cf. LOCKE's *Essay*, Book III., Ch. vi.

143. **He could reduce all things to acts.** Reducing things to acts is an expression derived from the Aristotelian distinction of *δύναμις* and *ἐργάσεις*. A seed may be regarded as a flower *δυνάμις* (*potentia*); when planted, the full-grown flower is a flower *ἐργάσεις* (*in actu*). Thus to reduce a thing to act is to make that to really exist whose existence was only possible before.

144. **and knew their natures by abstracts.** This is another allusion to the same metaphysical speculations as in l. 139. The Aristotelian phrase corresponding to the Platonic *ἰδέαι* was *τὸ τὸ ἦν εἶναι*. This is really an expression for the essential attributes of a thing, or in modern language for the connotation of the name. The scholastic word for the same thing was *Universalia*. The difference between the Platonic and Aristotelian views was expressed in scholastic language, as *Universalia ante rem* (Plato) and *Universalia in re* (Aristotle). Thomas Aquinas held the Aristotelian doctrine, but he also held that the mind can *abstract* the essential from the accidental attributes, and so form *Universalia post rem*, and that the ideas of things in the Divine mind, antecedent to creation, were *Universalia ante rem*. Aristotle gives a definition of *τὸ τὸ ἦν εἶναι* as *οὐσίᾳ ἀπεν τῆς οὐσίας*, 'substance without matter' (*Metaph. vi. 7*). This is the view of it which Butler is ridiculing when he speaks in the following lines of entity and quiddity as the ghost of defunct bodies.

145. **quiddity.** Just as the *τὸ τι ἔντι εἶναι* was the answer according to the Aristotelian metaphysics to the question *τι ἔστι*, so in the scholastic system the quiddity was the answer to the question *quid est*. Butler uses the word in its proper significance; but it soon passed from its scholastic sense to mean a distinction made rather for contention than for use. Cf.—

'Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his
quiddities now?' *SHAKS. Hamlet. V., i.*

147. **truth in person.** In the old metaphysics such ideas as Truth, Virtue, &c., had a real existence, more real than that of the phenomenal things by which we are surrounded. Cf. note on l. 140 above.

148. **words congealed.** Cf. *Taller*, No. 254, for a humorous account of words freezing in high latitudes. The idea seems to have been borrowed by Rabelais from Plutarch. See *Pantagruel*, Livre IV., ch. 55-56, and cf. δὲ γὰρ Ἀντιφίλης ἔλογε ταῖσιν ἐν την πόλει τὰς φωνὰς εἴθις λαγουδένας πήγυνθαι διὰ ψύχος, εἰθ' ὅπερον ἀνεμένων ἀκούειν θέρους, & τοῦ κειμένου διελέχθησαν σύντοιχοι τῶν ὅπεραν Πλάτωνος ἐφ' νέοις οὐδεὶς λεχθέντων μόλις δύνατος πολλοῖς αἰσθάνεσθαι γέροντας γενομένους.—*PLUTARCH'S Treatise 'Quonodo quis eum in virtute paranda sentire possit profectus.'*

149. **what's what.** This is the *quid est quid* of the old logicians. The answer to this question, 'What is anything?' is a quiddity, or essence; that is to say, the attributes which must be set forth in the definition of a thing.

152. **hight = to be called.**

'Whilom as oldē stories tellen us
There was a duke that hightō Theseus.'

CHAUCER, Knight's Tale, ad init.

irrefragable. Alexander Hales, a scholastic divine of the early 13th century. He was an Englishman, born in Gloucestershire. Amongst other extravagant names he was also styled 'The Fountain of Life.' He died at Paris in 1245.

153. **Thomas Aquinas**, 'The Angelic Doctor' (1226 to 1274), born in the castle of Aquino in the Terra di Lavoro, Italy. He was canonized after his death, and his memory loaded with honours. Some of his admirers are said to have held that the spirit animating his body was really that of St. Augustine, which had taken up its abode therein by metempsychosis. He possessed a certain imperfect knowledge of Greek philosophy, mainly that of Aristotle, which he interwove with his scholastic divinity.

154. **Duns Scotus** was Professor of Divinity at Oxford about 1300, in which capacity he earned great fame. He agreed with Thomas Aquinas as to the three-fold division of universals (*supra* l. 144), but differed from him as to individual

existence; declaring that not *matter*, as Aquinas had affirmed, but *Sokratitas* must be added to the general *quidditas* of man in order to arrive at the individual existence, Sokrates. On this, as on many points of theology, he differed from Aquinas, his master, and thus divided the world of thought for a time into Scotists and Thomists.

155. **nominal and real.** But the supremacy of Aquinas and Scotus over the world of thought was of short duration. The philosophy of Plato was *realistic* in accepting the real existence of the *universalia*, apart from phenomenal things. Aristotle had declared against this separate existence of Universals, and he was followed generally to the time of Scotus Erigena, who restored the Platonic realism to the philosophy of the Schoolmen (about 870 A.D.). This realism held its ground to the time of Duns Scotus, but was successfully challenged by William of Ockham, his pupil. William of Ockham showed that the universals had no existence save in *mente*; laid it down as a rule *entia non sunt multiplicanda praeter necessitatem*, and thus founded the Nominalist School. This school culminated in Hobbes, and has had the adherence of the majority of thinkers since Ockham's time. For a history of the Nominalist and Realist controversy see the Appendix to Professor Bain's *Mental and Moral Science*. The question has long since sunk to a very secondary importance:—

‘Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane.’
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, l. 444.

158. **rope of sand.** A hit at those who vainly attempt the impossible. In the first edition the couplet stands—

‘For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as learned Sorbonist,’

the allusion being to the story that the devil, disguised as a doctor of the College of Sorbonne (University of Paris), was baulked of a soul for which he had contracted, by not being able to twist a rope of sand.

165. **as if divinity.** Cf.

‘Faith, Gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted.’

POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, l. 244.

173. **seat of Paradise.** Many learned treatises have been written to solve the problem as to where Paradise was. Every author has been convinced of his own correctness and of the mistakes of all his predecessors, and thus Paradise has become about the most discovered of places. See a collection of the different opinions in *The Spanish Mandevile of Myracles*, translated from the Spanish of Don Anthonio de Torquemada,

Discourse II., p. 88, Ed. 1618. Humboldt informs us that every nation has a paradise somewhere on the other side of the mountains.

176. **or else above it.** ‘And this opinion holdeth Strabo the Theologian, affirming that the height of the earth where Paradise is reacheth to the circle of the moon, through which cause it was not damnified by the Flood, the waters of which could not rise to the height thereof.’—*Spanish Mandevile of Myracles*, p. 92, Ed. 1618. Cf. also Raleigh’s *Histrie of the World*, Part I., Bk. i., Chap. 3, §§ 7, 8.

177. **what Adam dreamt of.** Cf. Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, VIII., l. 460.

180. **high Dutch interpreter.** Johannes Goropius Becanus, a Dutch author, thus writes (*Hermathena*, Lib. X., *ad init.*)—‘*Necessaria collectione efficitur, nullam linguam nostra posse dici priorem, nisi primis aliquid prius esse fingatur.*’ The *nostra lingua* here is of course Dutch. Cf. Ben Jonson, in the *Alchymist*.

‘*Mammon. I’ll show you a booke, where Moses and his sister And Solomon have written of the art, I, and a treatise penned by Adam.*

Surly. How!

Mammon. O’ the philosopher’s stone, and in High Dutch.

Surly. Did Adam write, Sir, in High Dutch?

Mammon. He did, which proves it was the primitive tongue.’

182. **malleable.** In allusion to the old belief about Pythagoras having invented music on hearing the sounds made by hammers on anvils.

184. **cloven feet or none.** The curse on the serpent, ‘on thy belly shalt thou go,’ has been held by some to imply that the serpent, before the fall of man, had feet to walk on.

191. **Presbyterian true blue.** Cf. III. ii. 870. There is an old proverb ‘True blue will never stain,’ and ‘true blue’ has been a favourite colour with opponents of change down to modern times in English politics. But we must also not forget that blue as an actual colour for garments was much affected by the Presbyterians. Thus in the *Collection of Loyal Songs against the Rump*, reprinted in 1731, we find a representation of a Presbyterian,

‘*Chusing to see priests in blue aprons stand Rather than with copes.*’

So again we have

‘*And first to tell must not be forgot How I once did trot*

With a great zealot to a lecture
 Where I a tub did view
 Hung with an apron blue,
 'Twas the preacher's l conjecture,
 His use and doctrine too
 Were of no better hue.'

Loyal Songs, Vol. I. p. 132.

And again—

'This makes our blue lecturers pray, preach and prate
 Without reason or sense against Church, King, or State.'
Loyal Songs, Vol. I. p. 62.

Nor was the blue apron peculiar to those whose profession it was to preach. Cf. 'Had ship-money been still on foot, it would not have drawn so much money out of their purses in forty or fifty years, as this *blue apron* Committee at Reading, removed some seven or eight degrees from the close committee at Westminster, extorted from them at one clap.'—*Mercurius Rusticus*, No. 4, p. 38, Ed. 1646.

192-202. These ten lines are perhaps the best-known lines in *Hudibras*.

193. *errant*. This word may be used in two ways, of which Butler avails himself for a skilful innuendo. *Errant* = wandering, itinerant; and also it is frequently used as = *arrant*, 'thoroughgoing,' always used in a bad sense. We have it so in—

'Any way so thou wilt do't, good impertinence;
 Thy company if I slept not very well
 Anights, would make me an *errant* fool with questions.'

BEN JONSON, *Catiline*, Act. II. Sc. i.

208. *perverse antipathies*. These are particularized in II. 225 sq.

212. *distract*. There is another form, *distraught*, but *distract* is the more usual and regular. In fact, the form *distract* is a very peculiar one, for the Latin participle *distractus* has given us the verb itself, and then from this is formed another participle, on the analogy of *taught*, *wrought*, &c., which are pure Saxon. We have also *distracted*, which is of the same form as *extempted*, &c., a kind of double participle.

'As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror.'

SHAKS. *Rich.* III., III. iii. 5.

'Better I were distract,
 So should my thoughts be severed from my griefs.'

SHAKS. *King Lear*, IV. 6.

'And sense distract to know well what I utter.'

MILTON, *Sam. Ag.* 1555.

213. A *fast* was ordered for Christmas Day 1645.

215-6. These lines were added in the edition of 1674.

221. They held the doctrine of Predestination, but claimed absolute freedom in matters of Church discipline.

232. *ass* and *widgeon*. The *ass* alludes to Alborach, the white beast which bargained with Mahomet for an entry into Paradise, refusing to be mounted till the prophet had granted the request. Both words mean *a fool*. Cf. the following from the old song, 'Love lies bleeding'—

'When we love did nourish, England did flourish,
Till holy hate came in and made us all so currish ;
Now every *widgeon* talks of religion,
But doth as little good as Mahomet and his pigeon.'

The date of this song is uncertain, though known to be earlier than 1660. It was probably popular in Butler's time, and suggested his line. The allusion in connection with Mahomet is to the pigeon which was supposed to be a means of divine communication with the prophet. Cf. 'Having taugh't a pigeon to feed at his ear, he affirmed it to be the Holy Ghost which informed him in divine precepts.'—GEORGE SANDYS's *Travels*, Ed. 1673, p. 42.

247. *denounce* in the sense of 'prophecy threateningly' is no longer used. This was then the ordinary meaning of the word. Cf.—

'I *denounce* unto you this day that ye shall surely perish.'
Deut. xxx. 18.

'He ended frowning, and his look *denounced*
Desperate revenge; and battle dangerous
To less than gods.'

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, II. 106.

251. *hieroglyphic spade*. This is generally considered to be an allusion to the pictures in which Time and Death are represented with a spade. It is not easy however to see the connection between the Knight's beard and such pictures; and it seems more probable that the shape of it, which has already been compared to a tile, is here likened to one of those rounded spades or shovels, common at the period. The shape of the iron of a modern spade is oblong, that of the spade of two centuries ago was more generally parabolic.

253. *heart-breakers*, also known as love-locks, or kissing-curls.

255-6. That is, it was to be cut when the Monarchy was overthrown, and not till then.

257. *canonic*. Some editions read *monastic*.

260. **Cordelliere**, the order of Grey Friars, so called from the knotted cord they wore round their waists.

273. **consecrate**. The Puritans who made these vows would have been surprised to find that vows and sacrifices of the hair were strictly pagan customs. Cf. *Iliad*, XXIII., vv. 140 sq.

275. **fatal sisters**. Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, the three destinies who spin the thread of life, which they cut when the fatal hour is come. In Virgil and Horace the functions of the three sisters are undiscriminated, as here by Butler; but the common legend gives to Clotho to hold the distaff, to Lachesis to spin, and to Atropos to cut the thread. Cf.

'Talia saecula, suis dixerunt, currite, fusis
Concordeas stabili Fatorum numine Parcae.'

VIRGIL, *Ecl.* IV. 46.

'Dum res, et astas, et sororum
Fila trium patiuntur astra.'

HORACE, *Carm.* II. iii. 15.

The more complete account of them is thus rendered by Spenser:—

'Sad Clotho held the rock, the whiles the thread
By griesly Lachesis was spun with pain,
That cruel Atropos undid,
With cursed knife cutting the twist in twain:
Most wretched Men, whose days depeud on threads so vain.'

Faerie Queene, IV. ii. 48.

289. **bore his sire**. Cf. Virgil, *Aeneid*, Book II.

'I wonder how Sir Samuel Luke and he [Cromwell] should clash, for they are both cubs of the same ugly litter. This urchin is as ill carved as that goblin painted. Grandam bear sure had blistered her tongue, and so left him unlicked. He looks like the type of Aeneas boulstering up his father.'—*Memoirs of 1649-50*.

299. **whitepot**, a Devonshire dish = hasty pudding, flour boiled in milk.

'Both pancake and fritter of milk have good store,
But a Devonshire whitepot must needs have much more.'
Song, 'In praise of a Deiry.' Playford, 1687.

310. **Bullen**. Boulogne was besieged by Henry VIII. in 1544, and surrendered after a siege of two months.

335. **confidently write, &c.** 'Though I think I have read as many histories of chivalry in my time as any other man, I could never find that the knights errant ever eat, unless it were by mere accident, when they were invited to great feasts and royal banquets.'—*Don Quixote*, Chap. II.

346. **nuncheon.** Any substitute for a regular meal.

'Munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, dinner, supper, luncheon.'

BROWNING, *Pied Piper of Hamelin*.

359. Toledo and Bilbao in Spain were both famous for the manufacture of swords. The Toledo blades were long and broad, for wearing on horseback, the Bilbao weapons were smaller. Cf.

'Thy Bilboe oft bathed in the blood of foemans,
Like Caius Marius consul of the Romans,
The mighty Alexander of Macedo
Ne'er fought as thou has done with thy Toledo.'

JOHN TAYLOR, the Water Poet, to
Captain O'Toole, Works, p. 17.

370. **warrants** are the magistrates' writs conferring some right or authority, as that of arrest, &c.

exigent, or *exigi facias* ('that you cause to be demanded'). After judgment is given, if 'non est inventus' be returned, then an *exigi facias* is sued out. This is a judicial writ commanding the sheriff to demand the defendant from court to court, until he either appear and answer to the plaintiff in an action of or until he be outlawed. But the term has now become obsolete, since outlawry is no longer put in practice.

contempt. When a man by words or deeds in the presence of the court, or by speech and writings while a trial is going on, obstructs the due administration of justice, the court or judge before whom the trial is heard has power of its own motion to fine and imprison for 'contempt of court.'

372. **Serjeant Bum.** The vulgar 'bum-bailiff' is a corruption of *boun-bailiff*.

invading shoulder. Alluding to the tap on the shoulder when he makes an arrest.

379. **dudgeon.** A dagger, sometimes more particularly the handle of the dagger. Cf.

'I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.'

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, II. i. 45.

Dudgeon means the root of the box, of which the handles of the commoner sorts of daggers were made. It is but doubtfully connected with *dudgeon* in I. i. 1 (1st Ed.), 'When civil dudgeon,' this word being probably derived from the Welsh, *dygen*, anger.

383. **toast cheese or bacon.** Cf.—

'Nym. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron ; it is a simple one ; but what though ! it will toast cheese.'

SHAKS. *Henry V.*, Act II. Sc. i.

387. **brewer.** Allusion to Oliver Cromwell.

415. **almost tumbled over.** This is an episode that has lent itself with equal success to burlesque and to tragedy. Cf.

'I have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.'

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, I. vii. 25.

430. **Spaniard whipped.** See Sir Roger L'Estrange's Fable of the Spaniard under the lash, who considered it beneath his dignity to walk any faster, that he might be sooner out of pain.

433. **Caesar's horse.** 'Utebatur equo insigni, pedibus prope humanis, et in modum digitorum ungulis fissis.'—SUETONIUS, in *Jul. C.* 61.

447. **pannel.** French *panneau* means a pannel (as of a door) or pane (of glass). *Panneau de bâti* is the pannel of a pack-saddle, and hence the word *pannel* comes to mean a rough country saddle.

457. **Ralph.** There is considerable question amongst the authorities as to who was the real original of this Ralph. Sir Roger L'Estrange in his *Key to Hudibras* makes him out to be a certain Isaac Robinson, a butcher in Moor Fields, who made himself very conspicuous in his day in controversies on Church government. Gray considers that the name was probably taken from Ralph, the grocer's apprentice, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*. Mr. Pemberton, a relation and godson of Butler, said that the squire was meant for Ralph Bedford, member for Bedford in the Long Parliament.

463. See Campbell's *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, and Bain's *Mental and Moral Science*, p. 316, where these lines are used as an example in a discussion on the theory of the ludicrous.

468. **subtle shreds.** According to the common story that Dido, when she came to Africa, purchased as much land as she could surround with an ox-hide. She cut the hide into thin strips, and so got land enough for the first foundation of a city. Cf.—

'Devenere locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernes
Moenia, surgentemque novae Carthaginis arcem ;
Mercatique solum, facti de nomine Byram,
Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo.'

VIRGIL, *Aeneid*, I. 365.

471. **cross-legged knights.** Tailors sit cross-legged, and the figures on the tombs of Crusaders recline with the feet crossed.

472. **faith.** A tailor's long credit.

476. **Trojan knight.** *Aeneas.* For an account of his descent into hell, see Virgil, *Aeneid* VI. *Hell* was a slang term for the receptacle wherein a tailor put the shreds cut off in the course of his work. Cf.—

‘In Covent-garden did a taylor dwell
Who might deserve a place in his own hell.’

DR. W. KING, *Art of Cookery*.

These snippings and trimmings are apt to be liberal when it is a question of ‘true gold lace’ (l. 478).

477. **counterfeited pass of golden bough.**

‘Latet arbore opaca

Aureus et foliis et lento vimine ramus,
Junoni infernae dictus sacer: hunc tegit omnis
Lucus, et obscuris claudunt convallibus umbras.
Sed non ante datur telluris opera subire,
Auricomos quam quis decerpserit arbore foetus.’

VIRGIL, *Aeneid* VI. 136.

487. **commendation ninepence.** Debased shillings had come to be rated at ninepence. They were often bent or broken as love-tokens, a custom even yet prevalent among sailors. Cf. Dibdin’s song of *The Broken Gold*.

497. **hem and cough.** Cf. l. 84.

498. **enlightened snuff.** There seems to be a pun here of no very high order. *Snuff* may go into the same category with *hem* and *cough*, as a *sniff* or *snuffle*, and enlightened snuff may also mean a kindled wick, the spark of which will soon die out if prolonged by artificial means.

502. **beside their way.** Beside here means *out of*. Cf. ‘A man beside himself.’ A vagabond who wanders anywhere and is going nowhere in particular, can never have lost his road.

507. **a light, &c.** Alluding to the skylights used by traders to display their goods to advantage.

509. **an ignis fatuus, &c.** These lines (509-514) are a satire, perhaps the keenest in the language on any point of doctrine, against the Anabaptists. Of this sect, those who completely covered themselves with the water of their baptism were a later branch (called New Men, or *Immervi*) than those who were merely sprinkled (Old Men, or *Aspersi*).

522. **infuse.** Rough and curious as Butler’s rhymes are, this is one of very few places where grammar is sacrificed to them.

526. **three-legged oracle.** The tripod on which sat the priestesses of Delphi.

four-legged oracle. The Pope’s chair.

527. **ancient cup.** Joseph's divining-cup. Gen. xliv. 5.
modern chair. The Pope's chair.

530. **cabal,** a word derived from the Hebrew, means originally secret learning of any kind. Under Charles II. it was applied to the secret committee of the royal council, which gradually absorbed into itself all the power of that larger body of which it at first formed a part. On the fall of Clarendon this cabal was formed of Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, Lauderdale, the initials of whose names form the word 'cabal,' which has ever since had a sinister meaning.

532. **breeches.** The Genevan translation of the Bible reads 'breeches' instead of 'aprons' in Genesis iii. 7—'and they sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves breeches.' The copies of this Bible are hence called 'Breeches Bibles.'

533. **intelligences.** An astrological term for certain lesser spirits which guided the motions of the heavenly bodies.

534. **ideas, atoms, influences.** These terms, quoted from the jargon of astrology, point to its relation to the ancient philosophies.

536. **intelligible world.** This again is the world of ideas. Cf. note on l. 140.

537. **occult philosopher.** Cf. note on Sir Agrippa, l. 538.

538. **as learned as the wild Irish are.** This alludes to the many superstitions amongst the ancient Irish, superstitions which have left a wealth of folk-lore to this day amongst the Irish peasantry. Cf. 'Huc accedunt superstitiones non paucae. Lupos sibi adsidunt in patrimos quos Chari Christ appellant, pro eis orantes, et bene precantes, et sic se ab illis laedi non verentur. . . . Maleficam eam arbitrantur quaecumque ignem calendis Maii petit, nec dabunt nisi aegro, et cum imprecatione, ea de causa arbitrantur eandem sequenti aestate butyrum omne suffiraturam. . . . Priusquam semen in agro spargatur materfamilias salem ad agrum mittit. . . . Si equarum possessores era comedant, providere debent ut par sint, aliquoquin periculum equis.' Camden's *Britannia*, 1607, p. 791. From this account we can see the full meaning of the satire in saying that a man is as learned in occult philosophy as the wild Irish.

539. **Sir Agrippa.** Cornelius Agrippa, who lived to be secretary to the Emperor Maximilian, wrote a book *De Occulta Philosophia*, from which title Butler doubtless took his allusion to the 'occult philosopher,' in l. 537. As a specimen of what astrological writings really were, this work is of interest, and

the following may serve as a sample of this and other writings of the same kind:—

Chap. xxiii. Quomodo cognoscendum quibus stellis res naturales subsunt, atque quae res sunt solares.

'Quae vero res cui stellae vel signo subsint, cognoscere difficile est valde: cognoscimus tamen per imitationem radiorum, vel motus vel figuræ superiorum: quedam etiam per colores et odores, quaedam etiam per suarum operationum effectus quibusdam stellis consonantes. . . . Hyacinthus enim habet virtutem a Sole contra venena et pestiferos vapores: reddit gestantem tutum et gratum; confert ad divitias et ingenium, confortat cor: retentus in ore vehementer animum exhilarat.'—HENRICI COR. AGRIPPAE, *De Occulta Philosophia*, Libri iii., 1560.

541. anthroposophus. A certain Dr. Vaughan wrote a work on the condition of man after death, entitled *Anthroposophia Theomagica*.

Floud. Probably Robert Floud or Flud, who held office under Queen Elizabeth, and wrote on occult philosophy.

542. Behmen (1575-1624), a noted visionary, and founder of the sect called Behmenists. He wrote many works, including *Theosophic Philosophy, A Consolatory Book of the Four Complexions, &c.* The complete title of one of his works will perhaps best show of what sort they were:—'Signature Rerum, or the Signature of all things, showing the Sign and Signification of the several Forms and Shapes in the Creation, and what the Beginning, Ruin, and Cure of Everything is.' (Translation by J. Ellistone, London, 1851.) The correct form of his name seems to have been Jacob Boehme, though he is frequently but incorrectly styled James Behmen.

545. Rosicrucian. The Rosicrucians were a sect or secret society in Germany, the history of which is now very obscure. They were supposed to be possessed of various knowledge and powers, natural and supernatural, beyond the reach of common men, such as the philosopher's stone, &c. An endeavour has been made to trace to them the origin of the modern Freemasons, but such a theory is erroneous. See a satirical dialogue published at Paris by De Montfaucon, Abbé de Villars, in the twelfth volume of his works, entitled *Le Comte de Gabalis*.

546. Vere adeptus. A title assumed by those who claimed to have discovered the philosopher's stone.

552. Rope. 'Rope' is said to have been a nickname bestowed on Baron Tomlinson in allusion to a speech he made on swearing in the sheriffs Warner and Love, recommending to them a certain kinsman of his who was a ropemaker.

walk, knaves, walk. The precise meaning of this cant phrase is not now known. There is in existence a tract with

this title published by Edward Gayton, the author of which calls himself 'Hodge Turberville, chaplain to the late Lord Hewson.' Hewson was one of the regicides.

553. **numbers.** The allusion is to the Pythagorean philosophy. Cf.—Φαίνονται δὲ καὶ οὐτοι (sc. οἱ Πυθαγόρειοι) τὸν ἀριθμὸν νομίζοντες ἀνάχην εἶναι καὶ ὡς ὅλην τοῖς οὖσι καὶ ὡς πάθη τε καὶ ἔξεις.—ARIST. *Metaph.* I. 5.

553-8. **of sovereign power light.** The Pythagoreans attached a particular analogy to each number of the dekad with the things they were supposed to constitute. Cf. Φύλακος δὲ μετὰ τὸ μαθηματικὸν μέγεθος τριχῆς διαστάθη τετράδι, ποιότητα καὶ χρῶσιν ἐπιδικαιουμένης τῆς φύσεως: διὸ πεντάδι, ψύχουσι δὲ τὸ έξάδι, νοῦν δὲ καὶ οὐσίαν καὶ τὸ ὄπ' αὐτοῦ λεγόμενον φῶς δὲ ἑβδομάδι, μετὰ ταῦτα φύσιν ἔργα καὶ φίλαν καὶ μῆτριν καὶ ἐπίνοιαν ἐν δύδοσι καὶ συμβήναις τοῖς οὖσι.—*Theologumena Arithmetica*, 8, p. 56.

559. **by help of these, κ.τ.λ.** The Infinite (chaos) was even (*ἀπειρον*); by the addition of the odd it became *περιανθενον*, and incapable of being split into parts. Thus arose τὸ ξύν, from which sprang number, from which came all things.

565. **pasteboard.** The puppet-shows were originally scriptural, like the miracle plays, and represented the scenes of the creation, &c. They survive, shorn of their theology, in the modern 'Punch and Judy.' The miracle plays are supposed to have done much towards bringing on the Reformation, because they familiarized the people with the process of considering for themselves and realizing the Scripture narratives.

583. **knights of the post.** Persons who loitered about the courts of justice ready to be hired to give any evidence desired of them. They would even if sufficiently recompensed accuse themselves of crimes.

589. **house.** There is a play on the word here. In 'casting a nativity' the scheme of the heavens was divided into twelve 'houses.' Cf. 'Signs and planets in aspects sextile, quartile, trine, conjoined or opposite; houses of heaven with their cusps, hours, and minutes.'—SIR W. SCOTT, *Guy Mannerin*, Chap. III.

598. **nimm'd.** A cant word of the day for *stole*.

599. **Mercury** was the god of thieves.

603. **doctor's bill.** 'Bill' is here used for a *prescription*. The story is an old one. Cf. 'Were it written in characters as barbarous as the words, might very well pass for a doctor's bill.'—JOHNSON'S *Life of Dryden*, Clarendon Press Series, p. 13.

605. **question.** Failing information as to the exact hour and minute of birth the astrologers would take the position of the heavens at the precise moment of asking the question; thus making one thing to do service for another with which it has

no more connection than the doctor's bill has with a cure. There can be no doubt that this is the correct reading of a passage which most editions have reduced almost to nonsense by printing a period at the close of line 603.

608. **native.** In astrology, the person whose nativity is being cast. Cf. 'Mars having dignity in the cusp of the twelfth house, threatened captivity, or sudden and violent death, to the native.'—SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Guy Mannering*, Chap. IV.

622. **other course,** i.e. the 'Inward Light.' Cf. I. 579.

626. **Jump with** = agree with, is not uncommon. Cf. 'In some sort it jumps with my humour.'—SHAKS. I. *Henry IV.* I. 2. Cf. I. iii. 1356.

629. **of a rate,** i.e. equal. This idiom is common in 'of a size' = of the same size, and is a case where the indefinite article retains its meaning 'one.' The same idiom was ridiculed by Hood in the lines—

‘A great judge and a little judge,
The judges of *axise*.’

646. **Witthers.** This incorrect way of spelling the name of George Wither was probably intentional on Butler's part. Wither was born in 1588 and lived till 1667. He wrote satires under the title *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, a poem on his remembrances of the great plague, called *Britain's Remembrancer*, and *Emblems*. He served in the Parliamentary army, but long maintained his hope and desire of ultimate reconciliation between king and parliament.

Pryme, William (1600-1669). Best known as author of *Histrion-mastix*, or the players' scourge. This work was designed to expose, from the Puritan point of view, the sinfulness of stage plays; and for writing it Prynne was condemned by the Star Chamber to pay a fine of £5000, and to stand twice in the pillory, losing an ear on each occasion. Condemned to perpetual imprisonment, he was released by the Long Parliament. After the death of the king he attacked the Independents and defied the authority of Cromwell, thereby gaining another imprisonment. He survived till the Restoration, and was made keeper of the Tower Records under Charles II.

Vickars (1582-1652). An enthusiast whose style of writing was equally bombastic and abusive. He wrote *Mischief's Mysterie, or Treason's Masterpiece*, an account of the Gunpowder Plot; translated the *Aeneid* of Virgil; and wrote a Parliamentary Chronicle in four parts, each with a separate title, under the general heading *Magnalia Dei Anglicana*.

655. An allusion to the highly decorated title-pages then placed in books.

657. **forked hill.** Cf.

'Nec in bicipiti somniasse Parnasso
Memini.' *PERSIUS, Sat. Prologus.*

659. **canst.** The construction is—Thou (l. 645) who (l. 649) canst.

665. **a town.** Perhaps Brentford. Cf. II. iii. 996.

682. **Isthmian or Nemean game.** These were the two lesser of the four great Pan-Hellenic festivals of Greece. The Olympic and Pythian games were held every fourth, and the Nemean and Isthmian every second year. The Nemean games date back to about 670 B.C., and were celebrated in honour of the Nemean Zeus. The Isthmian festival is heard of even earlier, Solon having awarded a premium to every Athenian who took a prize at this festival about 594 B.C. See Grote's *History of Greece*, Part II. Chap. xxviii.

715. **Curule wit.** The *Sella Curulis* was the Roman chair of state, in which the higher magistrates had the right to sit. Under the Republic this right was restricted to Consuls, Praetors, Curule Aediles, and Censors, the Flamen Dialis, Dictator, and Magister Equitum. Hence these were called the Curule magistrates. 'Curule wit,' therefore, is here put for magisterial knowledge.

718. **Pharos.** The adaptation of this word (from Pharos, a celebrated lighthouse of Ancient Egypt) seems to have always been pedantic, and is now obsolete. The word passed from a proper name to a common noun, and was applied to any lighthouse or watch-tower.

720. **Proletarian.** The *proletarii* were those of the lowest class of the people at Rome who were not *capite censi*, that is to say (according to the constitution of Servius Tullius) those who had some property, but of less amount than 11,000 *ases*. Hence its use to designate the lowest grade of society.

tythingmen = constables, petty peace-officers.

736. **covenant.** The Covenant alluded to is the 'Solemn League and Covenant,' commenced by the Scotch in 1640 and taken up by the English Commons in 1643. After judgment had been given in Hampden's case, the king was emboldened to send to Scotland demands for immediate submission in Church matters, but this at once gathered the Remonstrants together at Stirling, where was renewed the Covenant which had been drawn up while Mary was scheming in favour of Roman Catholicism and the Armada was preparing in Spain. This Covenant was signed by great multitudes with such demonstrations of enthusiasm as have rarely been seen in the entire course of English history. When the great civil war had fairly broken out and the Parliament was hard pressed by the early

successes of the King, Pym resolved to gain over the Scotch to the Parliamentary side, and the conditions were accepted that the English Parliament should take the Covenant (1645). After the Restoration the Covenant was publicly burnt by the hands of the hangman in Westminster Hall, by order of the Parliament, which had by that time become enthusiastically loyal.

cause. i.e. the cause of the Parliament against the King.
Cf. I. ii. 504.

739. **by Jesuits invented.** This is intended as a hit at the unreasoning dread of the Roman Catholics, of which the Puritans were not slow to avail themselves. It was a dread founded on lively memories of actual horrors in the past, but it had divorced itself from all foundation of fact by this time, as was soon to be shown by the use made of it by Titus Oates.

741. **Machiavellian.** Niccolo Machiavelli (1469-1527), celebrated Italian writer and statesman, was secretary to the 'Council of Ten' at Florence. His principal work is *Del Principe*, a treatise on statecraft, wherein are contained those principles which, perhaps partly from want of being better understood, have endowed the word 'Machiavellian' with an evil meaning. His works produced a great impression, and are frequently quoted by Bacon.

742. **nare olfact** = nose smell. The first edition reads 'Nero effect,' and in a copy in the British Museum that reading is corrected in MS, which seems of about the same age, to the present reading.

746. **curry.** This word meant to dress leather. Thus it has the same meaning both in jest and earnest as 'tan.'

748. **cane et angue pejus.** A Roman proverb. Cf.
'Alter Miletii textam cane pejus et angui
Vitabit chlamydem.'

HORACE, *Epist.* I. 17, 30.

752. **cynarctomachy.** Κύων, κυνός, a dog; ἄρκτος, a bear; μάχη, a battle.

758. **averruncate** = avert. Lat. *averrunco*, to avert.

762. **frail privilege.** So called by Butler because the Parliament so often declared their privileges infringed.

764. **protestation.** The vow and declaration in favour of redress of grievances drawn up and subscribed in the first year of the Long Parliament.

766. **ordinances.** For a *bill* to become an *act* it must pass both Houses and receive the royal assent. During the war

this last could not be obtained, the enactments are therefore called Lords' and Commons' Ordinances.

768. **no hands**, perhaps = *paws*. The first edition reads 'land' and 'no hand' at the end of these two lines. Perhaps some early error has here perpetuated itself.

769. **evil counsellors**. Alluding to the impeachment of Strafford and Laud, and the declaring 'delinquents,' all who had taken any part in the unconstitutional measures of the King.

773. **dogs**. All animals were sacred in the eyes of the Egyptians. For an account of their religious customs with regard to animals, cf. Herodotus, II. 65 sq.

777. **Indians**. In Ceylon and Siam. The Portuguese destroyed these idols though the natives fought bravely in their defence.

780. **mordicus** = 'tooth and nail.'

781. **slight** = foolish.

786. **bouté-feus**. Firebrands.

797. **they sewed them**. 'Et pereuntibus addita ludibria, ut ferarum tarsis contecti laniatu canum interirent.'—TAC. Ann. xv. 44.

811. **vile assembly**. There is a covert allusion here to the Assembly of Divines. Cf. Introduction, p. xix. The form of Church government arranged by the Assembly was by Classical, Provincial, and National assemblies. The point is that while the Puritans claimed to do nothing for which they could not find exact verbal authority in the Scripture, they yet established a Church government which broke their own rule, the names of their own chief councils being 'unscriptural.'

820. **Dagon**. Cf. I. Maccab. x. 83, 84. 'The horsemen also being scattered in the field, fled to Azotus and went into Beth-dagon, their idols' temple, for safety. But Jonathan set fire on Azotus and the cities round about it and took their spoils; and the temple of Dagon, with them that were fled into it, he burnt with fire.'

824. **ad amussim** = exactly.

830. **homoeosis**. *ὅμοιωσις*, a making like. The substitution of a similar thing for the thing itself.

846. **keep touch**. Abide by your word. Cf.

'Touch kept is commended, yet credit to keepe
Is pay and despatch him, yer euer ye sleepe.'

T. TUSSER, *Hundred Good Pointes of Husbandrie*.

849-50. These lines are variously read.

First Edition. 'Thou wilt at best but suck a bull,
Or shear swine, all cry and no wool.'

1674-1704. 'Thou canst at best but overstrain
A paradox, and th'own hot brain.'

867. *deeds, not words.* Cf.

'Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.'

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, II. 1.

880. *steered by fate.* The doctrine of predestination was carried to an extreme by the Puritans, for which they were frequently ridiculed by their opponents.

901. *Mameluke.* The Mamelukes were originally slaves, and were made into a bodyguard by the Sultan in 1280. When Egypt came under Turkish rule they were taken into the pay of the Beys. They reconquered Egypt from the Turks, but were almost all slain by them in 1811.

902. The blank at the end of this line is to be filled with the words 'Sir Samuel Luke,' thus making this line, like its predecessor, to contain ten syllables.

917. *am erat . . .*

'Primus ibi ante omnes, magna comitante caterva,
Loocoon ardens summa decurrit ab arce;
Et procul: O miseri! quae tanta insanii, cives?
Creditis aevotis hostes? aut ulla putatis
Dona carere dolis Danaum? sic notus Ulixes!
Aut hoc inclusi ligno occultantur Achivi,
Aut haec in nostros fabricata est machina muros,
Inspectura domos, venturaque desuper urbi;
Aut aliquis latet error: equo ne credite, Teucri.
Quidquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.
Sic fatus, validis ingentem viribus hastam
In latus, inque feri curvam compagibus alvum
Contorsit.' VIRGIL, *Aen.* II. 40.

924. *a wight.* Richard Cromwell, probably.

PART I.—CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

3. In the first edition these lines run—

‘To whom the Knight does make a speech
And they desie him, after which
He fights with Talgol, routs the Bear,’ &c.

8. **Bastile.** The great state prison of France before the outbreak of the Revolution, when it was stormed and destroyed, 1789.

CANTO II.

2. For the rhyme, cf. I. i. 127.

Alexander Ross. This is a name which Butler's queer rhyme has kept alive. Ross was a busy and voluminous writer. He published a *Life of Christ* in Latin words and lines and phrases all taken from Virgil, and a *View of all Religions*. The ancient philosopher who is whimsically declared to have read a man who lived a couple of thousand years after him, is Empedocles (c. 500-430 B.C.). He promulgated the celebrated doctrine of the four elements,—Earth, Water, Air, Fire,—and the two opposing principles,—Sympathy and Antipathy (called φίλα, *'Aphoria*, &c. and Νεῖκος, *Δῆμος*, &c.) as the foundation of all things.

‘I am afraid that great numbers of those that admire the incomparable *Hudibras* do it more on account of these doggerel rhymes than of the parts that really deserve admiration. I am sure I have heard the

“Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic
Was beat with fist instead of a stick,”

and

“There was an ancient sage philosopher
That had read Alexander Ross over,”

more frequently quoted than the finest pieces of wit in the whole poem.’—*Spectator*, No. 60, *ad fin.*

15. **a whole street, &c.** In 1549 the Protector Somerset pulled down several churches and many other buildings to erect on the site so obtained the palace now called Somerset House.

20. **dead-doing.** Butler is fond of this word, which certainly works well into mock-heroic, Cf. I. ii. 803; I. iii. 141; I. iii. 844, &c.

22. Old proverb 'Nine tailors make a man.'

23. **Tartar.** This is probably taken from Peter Heylin's *Cosmographie*. He says of Carazan, a province of Tartary—'They have an use, that when any stranger cometh into their houses, of an handsome shape, to kill him in the night: not out of desire of spoil or to eat his bodie, but that the soul of such a comely bodie, might remain amongst them.'—Book III. p. 857. Cf.—'The wild Tartars are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his decease the same talents, whatever post they qualified him for, enter of course into his destroyer.'—*Spectator*, No. 126.

30. **o'erthwart = across.**

33. Allusion to the case of Lord Capel, 'a Gentleman of great courage and integrity. He had made an adventurous escape out of the Tower, but was retaken by the treachery of a limping Waterman (if I knew his name I would bestow a blot of Inke upon him). He pleaded for himself Articles of Surrender . . . that divers that were in Colchester, and in his condition, had been admitted to compound. . . . He desirith to see his Jury and that they might see him, and so might be tried by his Peers, saying He did believe no precedent could be given of any subject tried but by Bill of Attainder in Parliament, or by a Jury. But all was but to charm a deaf adder. He was a gallant Gentleman and they durst not let him live.'—CLEMENT WALKER, *History of Independency*, Part II. p. 133.

Cf. also the *History of the Great Rebellion*, by Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Edition 1828, Vol. VI. pp. 258 sq., for a full account of the imprisonment and escape and condemnation of Lord Capel.

38. **more to troth.** Aristotle (*Ethics* I., vi. 1) proceeds to examine the Platonic theory of the 'idea' of good,—προσάρτους τῆς τοιεστῆς ἕγκένεως γνωμένης διὰ τὸ φίλον ἀνδρας εἰσαγαγεῖν τὰ εἶδη. Δέξει δὲ τὸν Ιωνανθόν εἰναι καὶ δεῖν ἐπὶ σωτηρίᾳ γε τῆς ἀληθείας καὶ τὰ οἰκεῖα ἀναρέψει, ἀλλας τε καὶ φιλοσόφους θεραπεύειν γάρ δυτοῖς φίλοιν ὅσιον πρυτιμᾶν τὴν ἀλήθειαν. Hence arose the well-known saying, 'Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, sed magis amica Veritas.'

47. **tollutation = ambling.**

48. **succussion** = trotting.

52. **mysterious light.** Hers Butler again derides the Puritan use of the word *light*. Cf. 'Inward Light' 'New Light,' &c.

54. **living engines.** Alluding to the celebrated theory by which some of the Cartesians tried to account for the sufferings that animals, who are guiltless, share with man whose liability to suffer was incurred at the Fall. Descartes had allowed real sensation to animals, but not a thinking perception of it; and on this was founded the theory that animals do not really have sensation at all, but only seem to have it; and that their sufferings are really none;—that they are, in fact, 'living engines.'

60. **as Indian Britons were from Penguins.** The allusion seems to be to a passage in Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, and the note on it by Selden. Drayton writes (Ed. 1753, Song IX., Vol. iii., p. 834):

'As Madock his brave son, may come the rest among ;
Who like the Godlike race from which his grandsires spong
Whilst here his brothers tired in sad domestic strife,
On their unnatural breasts bent either's murtherous knife ;
This brave adventurous youth, in hot pursuit of fame,
With such as his great spirit did with high deeds inflame,
Put forth his well-rigged fleet to seek him foreign ground,
And sailed west so long until that world he found
To Christians then unknown (save this adventurous crew)
Long ere Columbus lived or it Vespuclius knew ;
And put the now-named Welsh on India's parched face,
Unto the endless praise of Bute's renowned race,
Ere the Iberian powers had touched her long sought bay,
Or any ear had heard the sound of Florida.'

On this passage Selden gives a note (Id. p. 845)—'About the year C.I. C. LXX [1170] Madoc, brother to David ap Owen, Prince of Wales, made this sea voyage; and by probability, those names of Capo de Breton in Norumbeg, and Pengwin in part of the Northern America, for a white rock and a white-headed bird, according to the British, were reliques of this discovery. So that the Welsh may challenge priority of finding that new world, before the Spaniard, Genoway, and all other mentioned in Lopez, Marinaeus, Cortez, and the rest of that kind.' Thus the word *Penguin* is the evidence on which Selden makes the existence of his Indian Britons depend, whence Butler says they were 'invented from' Penguins.

65. **Pharsalian plain.** Julius Caesar defeated Pompey in the battle of Pharsalia, B.C. 48. This was the decisive battle of the Roman Civil War:—from that field Pompey fled only to meet his death by assassination as he landed in Egypt.

85. In the first edition these lines run—

‘Courage and steel both of great force
Prepared for better or for worse.’

88. *drawn out*, &c. Cf. I. i. 391 *sq.* for the contents of these holsters.

92. *tuck*. A sword. In Shakespeare. *Hamlet* IV. 7, the reading

‘If he by chance escape your venom'd *tuck*,’
is now generally altered to *stuck*. In the first edition—
‘From rusty durance he bailed *tuck*.’

96. *stirrup-side*. Cf. I. i. 407.

106. *Crowdero*. *Crowd*, a fiddle; *Crowder*, a fiddler. Sir Roger L'Estrange makes the original of Crowdero to be one Jackson, a milliner in the New Exchange in the Strand, who lost a leg in the service of the Roundheads, and had to fiddle from door to door for a living.

114. *north-east side*. Looking at a man as if he were a map, the left shoulder, where the fiddle rests, will be the north-east corner of him.

120. *souse* = pickled pork; *chitterlings* = guts.

129. *Chiron*, the Centaur, was the son of Chronos and Philyra. Chronos fearing lest his wife Rhea might discover his love for Philyra, took the form of a horse during their interviews, whence Chiron, the offspring of their union, was in form half horse, half human. He dwelt in the mountains, and was renowned as the instructor of many heroes, whom he trained to music, to war, and to the chase, and, in the case of *Aesculapius*, in the healing art. Having been by accident wounded by an arrow, steeped in the blood of the Hydra and dropped on his foot by Herakles, the agony of the hurt made his immortality an intolerable burden to him, and the gods in pity rescued him by death, and placed him among the twelve signs of the Zodiac, as Sagittarius.

133. *Staffordshire*. See Plott's *History of Staffordshire* for an account of the charter granted by John of Gaunt appointing a King of the Minstrels, who was to have for property a bull turned out by the prior of Tutbury, provided that the Minstrel king or any of his minstrels could cut off a piece of the bull's hide before he got away into Derbyshire. The custom was only discontinued about the year 1788.

138. *Kings were proclaimed*. The seven Persian nobles who had conspired to overthrow the rule of the Magi, were in doubt as to how to arrange the government, when it was decided that he should be king whose horse was the first to neigh on the following morning. By the contrivance of his groom Ēbāres,

the horse of Darius was the first to neigh, so Darius was proclaimed king. Cf. Hdt. III. 84, 85.

146. *takes place*. *Place* here = precedence. A person with a wooden leg generally leads off with it in walking.

147. *Orsin*. This name is borrowed from Ben Jonson's *Masque of Augurs*. In L'Estrange's *Key to Hudibras* the original of this character is said to be one Joshua Girling, who kept bears at Paris Garden, Southwark. He was a strong adherent of the Rump Parliament.

155. *grave as, &c.* In a note on this passage, Grey refers to *Purchase his Pilgrims*, Vol. V. b. 5, ch. 4. Every effort has been made to verify this reference, but without success.

159. The first edition here reads—

‘He knew when to fall on pell mell,
To fall back and retreat as well.’

pell-mell. Fr. *pesle-mesle*, perhaps = *par la melle* = confusedly. Not to be confused with the modern pronunciation of *Pall Mall*, the place where was played a game with a ball and a *mallet*. Lat. *malus*, a hammer. Cf. I. iii. 506.

163. *stave and tail*. Technical words in the sport of bear-baiting. The bear-ward *staved* by interposing his staff, and *tailed* by holding back the dogs by the tail.

writs of error. A writ by which after a judgment given against a prisoner in a criminal matter, if error be apparent on the record, a new trial may be had at the Queen's Bench. Writs of error were formerly in use in civil matters, but they were abolished by the Judicature Acts, 1873 and 1875.

164. *reverse of judgment*. Reversal of judgment takes place when, either by writ of error or in any other way, the cause is heard again, and it appears that the proceedings in the former trial were invalid.

demurrer. This is a mode of pleading by which the facts alleged by the opposite party are admitted, but it is contended that on the facts so admitted there is no legal cause of action; e.g. a claim for goods over £10 sold and delivered; Demurrer admits the facts but pleads Statute of Frauds on the ground that there was no contract in writing.

166. This attack on the lawyers was perhaps prompted by private reasons in the loss of her jointure by Butler's wife. Cf. Introduction, p. xi.

167. The nominative to ‘did rear’ is ‘a wolf.’

168. That is, he lived on the earnings of his bear.

172. Cf. note on l. 147. This same Paris Garden was also used as a training ground for soldiers. These soldiers are then whimsically represented as weeds, and to their case is applied

the fable of the gardeners entreating Apollo to show them how to destroy weeds as easily as drums and trumpets destroyed the unprofitable growths amongst men. Cf. Boccalini's *Advertisements from Parnassus*, Ed. 1656, Cent. I. adv. 16, p. 27, where the fable is told as quoted at length in Grey's notes.

181. *Sir Sun.* Mock-heroic imitation of the language of chivalry.

192. *that office where it must pass.* i.e. the House of Commons.

194. *cler. parl. dom. com.* The titular description appended to the signature which the clerk of the House of Commons affixed to the 'ordinances' of the house after the King and the House of Lords had been dispensed with.

198. *they'd better, &c.* Alluding to the fact that it was the military power under Monk which finally broke up the parliament and brought about the Restoration.

212. *that their base births.* Cf. Eurip. *Ion*, v. 1523.

‘Ορα σθ, μῆτερ, μὴ σφαλέσο & παρθένοις
δρυγίγεται νοσήματ’ ἐς κρυπτοὺς γάμους,
ἴκειτα τῷ θεῷ προστίθης τὴν ἀντλίαν,
καὶ τούτῳ δισχρόν ἀποφυγεῖς πειρωμένη,
Φοίβῳ τεκοῖς με φῆς, τεκοῦσ’ οὐκ ἐκ θεοῦ.

213. *gender,* = Breeding. Cf. 'Thou shalt not let thy cattle gender with a diverse kind.' Lev. xix. 19.

214. *windore.* 'Coming in at the window' is a proverbial expression for illegitimacy.

219. *arctophylax*, or Bootes, a star near Ursa Major.

225. *hermetic,* = medecinal, fr. Hermes.

226. This is a satire on the 'sympathetic powder,' by which wounds were supposed to be cured. Such a powder Sir Kenelm Digby (1592-1665), believed himself to have discovered, and he wrote a treatise on it.

228. *post.* 'Powders of post,' like 'toad's eye pills,' is a phrase perhaps not heard of since the publication of *Hudibras*.

231. *Promethean fire.* Prometheus, son of Iapetus, stole fire from Olympūs.

245. *leech.* Cf. Hom. *Iliad*, xi. 514.

‘Ιττρός γαρ ἄνηρ πολλῶν ἀντρέων δλλαν.

252. *of Mahomet's own kin.* 'It remaineth now that we speak of the passions of the Turks, their dispositions, manners, and fashions. They be generally well complexioned, of good statures, and full bodies proportionably compacted. . . . The clergy go much in green, it being Mahomet's colour; and his kinsmen in green sashes, who are called emers, which

is *lords*; the women also wear something of green on their heads to be known. There lives not a race of ill-favoureder people, branded perhaps by God for the sin of their seducing ancestor, and their own wicked assuming of hereditary holiness.—*GEORGE SANDYS's Travels*, Ed. 1673, pp. 49-50.

259. *armed, &c.* The bear wore a collar made of two thicknesses of leather. Through the outer thickness sharp nails were driven, and the flat heads of these nails lay between the two thicknesses.

cant. The proper meaning of the word *cant* is that corrupt dialect used by beggars and thieves when they do not wish to be understood by the uninitiated. It is connected with the French *chanter*; *chaunter* being still known as an old word for a *pedlar*, a word itself similarly connected with *patter*. From the meaning above given *cant* comes to imply any expressions appropriated to a class or profession; hence words used by a man, not from conviction but because he belongs to a certain class, are also called *cant*, which word thus comes to be applied to the language of hypocrisy generally. ‘Astrologes with an old paltry *cant* of a few pothooks for planets to amuse the vulgar.’ Swift, ‘Predictions for the year 1701.’

268. *diurnals*. The name given at the time to daily newspapers.

270. *as with their bodies*. It seems to be now almost impossible to recover the exact original of Butler’s reference here. The commentators seem quite at fault. Grey says that ‘he that would know more of them [the Cossacks] may read Le Laboreur and Thuldenus,’ thus referring the reader at large to five ponderous folios. Mr. Bohn, *more suo*, makes this passage refer to some Russian soldiers marching into a ditch at the siege of Schweidnitz, which commenced in 1757, not quite a century after the publication of the first part of *Hudibras*.

271. *Scrimansky*. Probably some well known bear of the time; the name being merely a derisive imitation of Polish names.

283. *he 'spoused, i.e. the bear.* The story of Agarida, daughter of Ismahan, who married a bear, is told in Le Blanc’s travels (Ed. 1658, p. 86). The offspring of their union was a family of five sons—‘qui furent tous braves hommes, sans aucune apparence ny marque bestiale.’

288. *Talgol.* L’Estrange makes the original of this character to have been a certain butcher in Newgate Market, who obtained a captain’s commission for his bravery at Naseby.

289. *the crown.* Amongst the Romans, he who saved the life of a fellow citizen in battle was entitled to the *Corona Civica*, a garland of oak leaves. Its possession conferred various rights, such as immunity from all public burdens, the

rights of *Patria Potestas* over the person saved, and a reserved seat of honour next to those of the senate at all public spectacula.

300. That is, he often killed without any conflict, as a butcher would.

302. **shone with oil.** The Greek wrestlers anointed themselves with oil, to make their limbs supple and prevent the adversary taking a firm hold.

306. **Guy.** This is the Saxon Guy of Warwick, the hero of much old English folk-lore. Grey quotes, though not quite correctly—

‘On Dunsmore Heath I also slew
A monstrous wild and cruel beast,
Called the Dun-Cow of Dunsmore Heath
Which many people had oppressed.
Some of her bones in Warwick yet
Still for a monument doth lie,
Which unto every looker’s view
As wondrous strange they may espy.’

A Pleasant Song of the Valiant Deeds of
Chivalry, achieved by that Noble Knight,
Sir Guy of Warwick. London, printed
by D. for W. D., and sold by the book-
sellers of Pye Corner and London Bridge.

310. **Ajax.** The madness of Ajax, consequent on the award of the armour of Achilles to Ulysses and not to himself, is the subject of one of the finest plays of Sophocles. In that madness Ajax took the flocks and herds of the Greeks to be the Grecian princes who had decided against him, and slaughtered them.

Don Quixote encounters a flock of sheep, imagining it to be a giant.

311-312. **Flies, wasps, &c.,** against which a butcher has a natural enmity.

314. **Sir George Saint George.** Probably so-called by Butler in ridicule of the poets who gave to all their heroes the style of the current chivalry. Saint George was a soldier as well as a saint, and this would by itself explain the line. But it is worthy of remark that General George Monk was made Knight of the Garter immediately after the Restoration. Of that order St. George is the patron saint, and a ballad appeared at the time relating ‘How General George Monk slew a most cruel Dragon’ (the Rump Parliament). It is not unlikely that on this, as on other occasions, Butler compresses many allusions into a single phrase.

316. Compression is the soul of Butler’s humour. A world

of railery is expressed by a simple arrangement of words which makes the ‘doctor’ as epidemic as the disease.

326. Killing one man is murder, killing thousands is a glorious victory:—

‘ Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.’

JUV. SAT. XIII. 105.

328. **two-wheeled chariot.** The cart to Tyburn.

331. **Magnano.** Said by L'Estrange to be a certain Simon Wait, a tinker, and a famous Independent preacher.

336. A pig-skin wallet.

337. **Sevenfold shield.**

Ἄλας δ' ἐγγύθεν ἥλθε, φέρων σάκος, ἥδε πέργον,
χάλκεον, ἐπταβένιον, δοι Τυχίος καμε τεύχων,
σκυτοπόμων δύ' ἄριστος, “Τλῆ ἐνι οἰκίᾳ γαλῶν”
δοι οἱ ἐποίησεν σάκος αἰδόν, ἐπταβένιον,
ταῦρων Ἰαρεφίων, ἵπποι δ' ὅγδοον ἥλασε χαλκόν.

HOM. IL. VII. 210.

344. **Brazen head.** Cf.

‘ For of the great clerke Grotest
I rede, howe busy that he was
Upon the clergie an heved of bras
To forge, and make it for to telle
Of suche thynges as befelle.’

GOWER, *Confessio Amantis*, Bk. IV.,
Ed. Pauli, 1857; Vol. II. p. 9.

This alluded to Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln. The same tale has been told of Roger Bacon, and others.

346. **English Merlin.** William Lilly took this name for a tract published in 1644, intitling it *Merlinus Anglicus Junior*. Butler's reference is most probably to him. The original Merlin is the great bard of Arthurian legend—see Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, passim. In his real character Myrddhin, or Merlin, was a Cymric bard who flourished at the close of the fifth and the early part of the sixth century. His *Prophecies* were translated by Geoffrey of Monmouth, who afterwards incorporated them in his *History of the British Kings*.

348. **sieve and shears.** Alluding to an old style of divination, by balancing a sieve on the point of a pair of shears.

355. **saker,** perhaps = *sacker*, from *sack*, a long cannon. The word is of doubtful history, and may be connected with *sake*, as in ‘for the sake of.’ Cf. ‘Of guns the long saker is most esteemed.’—DAMPIER'S *Voyages*, 1688.

361. **a lance.** His soldering iron.

365. **Trulla.** The word *trull* means a low woman. Cf. ‘And all this pother for a common trull.’—Beaumont and

Fletcher, *Fair Maid of the Inn*, Act. I. Sc. i. Trulla is said by L'Estrange to have been the daughter of James Spencer, a Quaker, and to have acquired notoriety by her immoral life.

368. **English Moll.** Much anxious discussion has been bestowed on the question as to what particular female criminal is here alluded to. It was probably a certain Mary Frith, known as Moll Cutpurse, and alluded to in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, Act. I. Sc. iii. 'Are they like to take dust like Mistress Mall's picture?' There is a long note about her in Johnson and Steevens's *Shakspeare*, edited by Reed, Vol. V. pp. 254 sq.

378. **Penthesilea.** Πενθεσίλεα, Queen of the Amazons, who came to succour Troy and fell by the hand of Achiles.

386. **by Hercules.** Roman women did not swear by Hercules, nor the men by Castor.

387. **their works.** This is a satire upon Spencer and Davenant.

390. **their modesty,** in apposition to 'native arms.'

393. **Armida.** A prominent character in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*. She was a beautiful sorceress, employed by Satan to seduce Rinaldo and other crusaders from their duty. In this she for a time succeeded, but Rinaldo escaped from her, and after defeating several champions sent against him by the sorceress, at last defeated herself also in person and offered her vows of love on condition of her becoming a Christian, a condition she accepted.

Thalestris. Queen of the Amazons, who came to meet Alexander. An account of her and of her people is given in Quintus Curtius Rufus, *De Gestis Alexandri Magni*, VI. v. 19. 'Ceterum interrogata, num aliquid petere vellet, haud dubitavit fateri, ad communicandos cum rege liberos se venisse, dignam ex qua ipse regni generaret heredes.' The story is not credited by Plutarch in his *Life of Alexander*.

394. **she that would have been.** See Sir William Davenant's *Gondibert*. Gondibert loves Birtha, an ideal of the simple beauty of natural womanhood, though he might have won the hand of Rhodalind, and with it the supreme rule of Verona.

'Here all reward of conquest I would finde ;
Leave shining thrones for Birtha in a shade ;
With Nature's quiet wonders fill my minde,
And praise her most because she Birtha made.'

400. **in prose.** In Davenant's preface to *Gondibert* he tries to show that poetry is necessary to statecraft.

409. **Cerdon,** a shoemaker, supposed to refer to a brother of Colonel Hewson.

412. **repair of wrong.** Mending shoes.

413. raised the low by putting on fresh heels.
fortified, &c. Soling and patching.

417. weapon. His shoemaker's knife.

420. Cf. note on I. ii. 337.

421. black-thumbed. Gray quotes an old proverb—
'The higher the plumb-tree, the riper the plumb,
The richer the cobbler, the blacker his thumb.'

ancestor. He must have had an ancestor in the Grecian army, since the Greeks were renowned for well-soled boots.—Cf. I. 426.

426. well soled boots. Ἑὐκρήματες Ἀχαιοί.
HOM. *Iliad*, passim.

437. stickle. To take part in a contest. It also means to act as a second in a contest. Cf. I. iii. 516.

441. Colon. Said to be Ned Perry, an ostler.

454. fed on man's flesh. Diomedes, king of Thrace, fed his horses on human flesh. Herakles killed him and threw his body before the horses, by whom it was devoured.
'Non tibi succurrat crudi Diomedis imago,
Efferus humana qui dape pavit equal.'
OVID, *Epist. Deianira Herculi*, v. 76.
'Quo tempore Glauci
Potniades malis membra absumere quadrige.'
VIRGIL, *Georg.* III. 267.

456. flesh is grass. Cf.—'All flesh is grass' is not only metaphorically, but literally true, for all those creatures we behold are but the herbs of the field digested into flesh in them, or more remotely carnified in ourselves. Nay, further, we are what we all abhor, anthropophagi and cannibals, devourers not only of men but of ourselves; and that not in an allegory but in a positive truth, for all this mass of flesh which we behold came in at our mouths; this frame we look upon hath been upon our trenchers; in brief we have devoured ourselves.—SIR THOMAS BROWNE, *Religio Medici*, Ed. 1838, p. 72.

458. cleanse a stable. The cleansing of the stables of Augeas, king of Elis, is hero alluded to. Hercules accomplished it by turning the river Alpheus through them.

461. he ripped, &c. *Id est*, he ploughed.

493. what rage, &c., Cf.
'Quis furor O cives; que tanta licentia ferri
Gentibus invisis Latium preberem cruentem.'
LUCAN, *Pharsal.* I. 8, 9.

495. **Cæstrum.** Gr. *olætopos*, a gad-fly; as the fly that tormented Io; cf. Æsch. *Prometheus Vinctus*, v. 567, *xplæc̄ vis uð*

με τὰς τάλαιρας οἰστρος. Then a sting, a goad, or anything producing madness or passion ; and so the madness itself.

497. *Vies.* Devizes. This alludes to the defeat of Sir William Waller at Roundway Down, 1643. The blank in the next line should be filled up with 'Waller'a.' Cf. Introduction, p. xvii.

502. *untriumphantable.* It was one of the express conditions on which the Roman senate granted a triumph to a victorious general, that the war should not have been a civil one. With infinite humour Butler thus hints that the bear-baiting was civil war, a war of like against like, and therefore an 'untriumphantable fray.'

504. *Cause.* Cf. I. i. 736 and note.

513. *we make war.* The present tense shows the action of the poem to lie during the Civil War.

for the king against himself. The Presbyterian leaders of the Commons, such as Manchester and Essex, always claimed to have a great respect for a constitutional monarchy. They had no intention of actually dethroning the king when the struggle began ; and they set up the fiction of a divided kingship, the *political* king in whose name they carried on the war against the *natural* king. But this idea gradually faded, and was almost lost by the time of passing the 'Self-Denying Ordinance' (1645), by which Essex was compelled to retire, and Sir Thomas Fairfax appointed commander-in-chief, the king's name being omitted from his commission. The allusion to this fiction as being in use at the present time should put the action of the poem antecedent to 1645. But on this point, cf. Introd. p. xvii., and I. ii. 661.

521. *protestation.* The impeachment of Strafford was abandoned in favour of a Bill of Attainder which passed the Commons on April 19, 1641. Before it had yet passed the Lords, Charles had given his sanction to the 'Army Plot,' by which the army that had been raised against the Scots was to be brought to London to overawe the Parliament. This plot was revealed to Pym and by him disclosed to the Commons on May 2. Roused by the danger, the Commons passed forthwith a 'Protestation,' and the next day it was subscribed by the whole House. It was forthwith printed and distributed all over the kingdom, with injunctions for its formal acceptance by all men. It was received with great enthusiasm, especially in London, and the populace, incensed by the tidings of the Army Plot, came clamorous at the doors of the Parliament houses for 'Justice,' wearing copies of the protestation in their hats, 'like wedding garters,' or carrying them on pikes. The Lords had to pass the bill, and Strafford's head fell on May 12. The Protestation is printed at length in Neal's *History of the Puritans*, Vol. II. chap. ix. It is a solemn vow 'to maintain and defend, as far as lawfully I may, with my life, power, and estate, the Reformed

Protestant religion, the Honour and Estate of his Majesty, the Power and Privilege of Parliament, the Lawful Rights and Liberties of the Subject.

524. **wedding-garters.** Garter here for anything bound round, and so for the wedding favours of ribbon worn on the hats.

526. **six members.** There were, strictly speaking, *six* and not *six* ‘members.’ The allusion is to the attempt made by Charles (June 4, 1642) to arrest Pym, Hollis, Hampden, Hazelrig, and Stroud, during the sitting of the House of Commons. In the impeachment which preceded this attempted arrest, Lord Kimbolton’s name was included, and Butler thus makes up his ‘six members.’

532. **once a month.** The executions seem to have then taken place at Tyburn once a month.

for = instead of. It is so used in the common phrase ‘What do you take me for?’

543. **botchers** = jobbing tailors. ‘Botcher’ is to tailoring what ‘cobbler’ is to shoemaking; the latter word has had more vitality, and survives in common use; the former is almost obsolete.

544. **turn.** An excellent word here. They wanted, not to amend within what some would have thought reasonable limits, but to turn it utterly inside out, as ‘butchers’ would with an old coat.

572. **dragon’s teeth.** The fable of Cadmus and the dragon’s teeth is narrated by Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, III. 101, &c. English readers will find the fable charmingly told in Nathaniel Hawthorne’s *Tanglewood Tales*.

578. **sarcasmus.** A mock-heroic word. It will mean ‘gibing’ if it means anything; but it is intended as a hit at the Puritan word-coining.

585. **invented tones.** The nasal twang of Puritan speech.

621. **velis et remis,** ‘With both sails and oars.’ With every possible exertion.

626. **each to run before another.** The Solemn League and Covenant may be read in full in Neal’s *History of the Puritans*, Vol. III. chap. ii. In the sixth and last article of that covenant it was written, ‘We profess and declare . . . our true and unfeigned purpose, desire, and endeavour . . . to amend our lives, and each one to go before another in the example of a real Reformation.’

630. **malignants.** The name given to the Royalists by the party of the Parliament.

642. *reformation*. The termination -tion is here a dis-syllable, one of many cases where the common usage of the sixteenth century has been pressed into the service of the poets of the seventeenth. Thus it is not a mere poetic licence. Johnson, in his *Life of Dryden* (Clarendon Press edition, p. 75), quotes from that poet's 'Panegyric on the Coronation of His Sacred Majesty':—

'Nor is it duty or our hopes alone
Create that joy, but full fruition.' (line 69)

Johnson thought this was a unique instance; but we have in Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*, Part 2, Act IV. Sc. iii.

'This with the dawn of morning shall be done,
You haste too much her execution.'

Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, says (p. 128 of Arber's reprint), 'this word [cōntribūtōn] which makes a good Spondeus and a good Dactil.' See also G. P. Marsh, *Lectures on the English Language*, First Series, p. 530.

650. *swore et ceteras*. The Convocation of 1640, having been prolonged by royal warrant beyond the date of the dissolution of Parliament, proceeded to draw up, and on June 20 published, their 'Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiastical.' These consisted of seventeen articles, whereof the sixth prescribed 'an Oath for preventing Innovations in Doctrine and Government.' The oath contained the words:—'Nor will I ever give my consent to alter the government of this church, by Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, and Archdeacons, &c., as it stands now established.' This was 'the oath called et cetera.' Cf. Neal's *History of the Puritans*, Vol. II. ch. vi. We see from this line that Butler was ready to make a joke at the expense of his own party. Cf. also Cleveland, *Works*, Ed. 1699, p. 27, —

'Then finally, my Babes of Grace, forbear,
Et cetera, will be too far to swear,
For 'tis, to speak in a familiar stile,
A Yorkshire wee-bit, longer than a mile.'

651. *The French League*. Formed in 1576 to oppose Henry III. and the Huguenots. The Duke of Guise was at its head, but was assassinated in 1588. Henry III. and Henry of Navarre were united against the League, but Henry III. was assassinated in 1589, when the two kings were in the full tide of success. The Leaguers refused to submit to Henry of Navarre, notwithstanding the splendid victory of Ivry in 1590,—the Ivry of Lord Macaulay's ballad—unless he became a Catholic. This he at last agreed to in 1593, and the League consequently ceased.

661. *King and Parliament*. Cf. I. ii. 513 and note, as to the supposed date of the action of Hudibras.

667. **first surrender.** Grey gives a note of Warburton's in which this is said to allude to the cry raised by the Parliamentary party against 'evil counsellors,' as in the cases of Strafford and Laud, and their demands to have them given up to justice. But it may be doubted whether such an interpretation does not over explain the line.

702. **caterwauling brethren.** The debates at the Assembly of Divines were often very violent, with more speakers than listeners. Hence the epithet 'caterwauling' applied to them by enemies.

708. **land and water saints.** Presbyterians and Anabaptists.

708. **Mazzard.** West country word for a *head*. The word has been reintroduced to modern readers in the 'Zong of the Zummerzethshire Owld Geamster' in Mr. T. HUGHES'S *Scouring of the White Horse*—

'Who's vor a bout o' vriendly plaay,
As never shoud to anger move !
Zich spwoorts wur only meaned vor thaay
As likes their mazzards broke vor love.'

Cf. also—'Let me go, sir, or I will knock you over the mazzard.'

SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, Act. II. Sc. 3.

721. **did no committee sit.** Cf. I. i. 76 and note. The committees here alluded to are probably the 'Committees of Religion.'

'The clergy on both sides had a deep share in the calamities of the times, being plundered, harassed, imprisoned, and their lives sequestered, as they fell into the hands of the enemy. The king's party were greatly incensed against the Puritan clergy as the "chief incendiaries of the people," and the "trumpeters of rebellion." Such as refused to read the king's proclamations and orders against the Parliament, were apprehended and shut up in the common gaols of York, and other places within his majesty's quarters. . . . The prisoners underwent uncommon hardships, and would have been executed as rebels if the Parliament had not threatened reprisals.'

'On the other hand, the episcopal clergy were no less harassed by the parliament soldiers; these being in possession of the best livings in the church, were liable to suffer most damage. . . . Others that had rendered themselves obnoxious by their sermons or declarations for the king, were put under confinement in Lambeth, Winchester, Ely, and most of the bishops' houses about London, and for want of room about twenty (according to Dr. Walker) were imprisoned on board of ships in the river Thames, and shut down under decks, no friend being suffered to come to them.'—NEAL'S *History of the Puritans*, Vol. III. chap. i.

These committees all had their origin in the general committee of the whole house, appointed November 6th, 1640, to enquire into the 'scandalous immoralities of the clergy.' Accusations came in fast, and the general committee, to cope with the mass of work, was obliged to sub-divide, and on November 19th a sub-committee was appointed 'to substitute *preaching ministers* for *scandalous ministers*,' and even this soon had to sub-divide again into smaller committees, called after the names of their respective chairmen. The 'articles of enquiry' on which they proceeded were six in number:—1. Scandalous immorality; 2. False or scandalous doctrines; 3. Profanation of the Sabbath, by reading and countenancing the *Book of Sports*; 4. Practising and pressing the late 'innovations'; 5. Neglect of their cures; 6. Malignancy and disaffection to the parliament. It is pretty clear that this last article might be made very expandible; and notwithstanding the precautions laid down with regard to procedure, there could hardly fail to be some truth at the bottom of the two Walkers' denunciations of them, e.g. 'Thus the same whip shall hang over the shoulders of the Presbyterian party (who will not agree to king-deposing, anarchy, and schism) as it did formerly over the king's party. And the Presbyterian shall be squeezed into the Independent's coffers, as formerly the king's party were, so long as they had anything to lose; for the whole earth is little enough for these Saints, who are never satisfied with money and blood, although they never look towards heaven but through the spectacles of this world. The old elegium and character of this English nation was, that they were *Hilaris gens, cui libera mens et liberalis lingua*: But now (country-men) your tongues are in the Stocks, your bodies in every gaole, your souls in the dark, and estates in the mercy of those that have no mercy, and at the discretion of those that have no discretion. Farewell English Liberty.'—CLEMENT WALKER's *History of Independency*, Ed. 1661, Pt. I. p. 91.

Cf. also, for a full account, from a hostile point of view, of the committees, JOHN WALKER's *Sufferings of the Clergy of the Church of England*, Ed. 1714, Part I. pp. 61 sq.

751. Talgol, who be it remembered is by trade a butcher, is thus accused of selling as healthy meat, slaughtered by himself, the flesh of animals that have died of disease. The early editions read, 'Turn death of nature to thy work.'

764. though I am free. Here *free* = guiltless. Cf.

'Make mad the guilty and appal the free.'

Hamlet, I. ii. 590.

And again

'Tis a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your majesty and we that have *free* souls, it touches us not.'

Id. III. ii. 250.

768. **bases**, Fr. *bas*, stockings.

769. **dudgeon**. Here the butcher's steel on which he whets his knife. Cf. I. i. 379, and note.

772. **Grisel**. Grisilda or Griselda, is the heroine of the last tale in Boccaccio's *Decameron*. She was the daughter of a poor charcoal burner, and became the wife of Gualtieri, Marquis of Saluzzo, and her name, owing to the trials to which she was subjected by her husband, has become proverbial for conjugal patience and obedience. To test her humility the marquis caused first her infant daughter and afterwards her son to be taken from her, giving her to understand that they were sent away to be murdered. This she bore with perfect fortitude, saying to the ladies who condoled with her, "It was not my will, but his who begat them." Gualtieri, when the daughter was twelve years old, informed Griselda that he intended to divorce her and marry again, and he brought home the daughter as if to be his wife, and sent for Griselda to meet her, and asked her what she thought of the new bride. Her only answer was to praise his choice and beg him to spare his second partner the trials he had inflicted on the first. Whereupon he disclosed to her the truth about the past, and restored her position and her children. The intended 'moral' of the tale is that as Griselda submitted with perfect patience to the trials imposed on her by her husband, so we ought all to submit without repining to the suffering imposed by God. Whether or no the same moral would follow from the contemplation of a character at once so pitifully mean and so ingeniously brutal as that of such a husband must of necessity have been, Boccaccio does not seem to have enquired. The story is a very celebrated one. It was rendered into a Latin romance by Petrarch, and forms the 'Clerk's Tale' in the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer.

stir mood = rouse anger.

781. **Pallas came**. In ridicule of the classic epics, where the natural course of combat is always altered by the interference of the immortals.

783. **Gorgon shield**. The Gorgones were named Stheno, Euryale, and Medusa, of whom the last alone was mortal. Their heads were covered with snakes instead of hair, and that of Medusa was so frightful that all who gazed on it were turned to stone. By aid of a mirror given him by Athena, Persens slew the monster, cut off her head, and presented it to the goddess, who fastened it in the centre of her shield.

787. **petronel**, a horse pistol.

797. **nut-brown sword**. The allusion to the brown colour of the English 'brown bills' is frequent in old English ballads. Cf.—

'He that had neither been kith nor kin
 Might have seen a full fair sight,
 To see how together these yeomen went,
 With blades both brown and bright.'
Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne.

The first two editions read 'rugged' for 'nut-brown.'
 Cf. also l. 1120.

811. **though iron, &c.** A wound received from cold steel is more dangerous, but a drubbing with a cudgel is more disgraceful.

816. **take**, sc. prisoner. Cf. I. ii. 905.

864. **Mars.** It is correct enough that as Athena was on one side, Mars should have aided the other.

865. **pudding time.** The commencement of dinner, our ancestors having been accustomed to take their pudding before their meat.

873. **Bancho**, in *Don Quixote*, gets tossed in a blanket.

880. **bondage from his smout.** The bears to be baited were generally muzzled.

886. **squelch.** Cf. l. 933. Probably formed from A. S. *crellan*, to quell, to beat down.

900. **broke loose.** Cf. I. iii. 155, and note.

905. **took.** Cf. l. 816 and note.

910. **each and his fear.** This seems to mean 'each, and what each feared.' The bear fled from the knight, and the crowd from the bear.

925. **huckle** properly means *hip*. It must here be used for *knee*.

932. **adventure resurrection** is intended to represent the sort of phrase in which Ralph would have himself described his action.

933. **squelch.** Cf. l. 886 and note.

937. **whinyard.** Butler seems fond of this burlesque word for sword. Cf. l. 1120. Johnson derives it from *whin* = furze; hence *whinyard*, a sickle to cut furze with. There are many etymologies for it.

944. **twice and once.** All ranks of poets have taken much licence in the expression of numbers. This phrase occurs twice in Shakespeare. Cf.

'I have been merry twice and once ere now.'

II. Henry IV. V. iii. 42.

'Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.'

Macbeth, IV. i. 2.

984. *out* is the usual reading. The first edition has *our*.

984. **self-denying conqueror.** Alluding to the Self-Denying Ordinance passed at the close of 1644, by which no member of either house could hold any office, civil or military. The Ordinance was aimed at the Earl of Essex. Cromwell was excepted, and Sir Samuel Luke was also excepted for twenty days, that he might continue as governor of Newport Pagnel, which town the king was thought to be approaching. These lines supply an additional argument in favour of considering Sir Samuel Luke to have been the real original of Hudibras. Cf. Introduction, p. xv.

999. **purchase.** A thing acquired by any means. Cf. 'Donation or purchase as the lawyers call it, by which they mean any method of acquiring an estate otherwise than by descent.'—BLACKSTONE, *Commentaries*, I. iii.

1005. **dispensations, out-goings, ownings, &c.** were cant words of the time. So also *nothingness* in l. 1038.

1009. **have no right.** It was held by the extremists among the Independents, when that party had become powerful, that none but the 'saints,' i.e. themselves, had any real rights.

1046. **in your name.** This passage seems to allude to unwillingness on the part of the Parliament to stand to some of the articles of surrender granted by their commanders. A letter is extant from Fairfax to Mr. Speaker, dated June 26, 1650, remonstrating with the house for not having yet given effect to the articles of surrender granted by Fairfax to Governor Arundel, who surrendered Pendennis Castle in 1646.

1080. **danger in his safety.** Cf. I. 33 and note.

1085. **tho' he has quarter.** Bohn quotes a 'contemporary MS. note' that this refers to Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, executed after quarter given them by Fairfax.

1093. **Samson's cuffs.** Judges xv. 14.

1102. **perfection-truths,** only to be known to the initiated, not to be disclosed to the vulgar lest they be thought wicked. Such were the doctrines that oaths taken to malignants were not binding, &c. Cf. II. ii. 260.

1111. **take an oath.** Both sides seem to have adopted this plan, and as might be expected, we find broken oaths a fruitful source of accusation by each side against the other.

1120. **nut brown.** Cf. I. 797 and note.

whinyard. Cf. I. 937, and I. iii. 480.

1122. **leaning on shoulder.** Several editions read 'placed on his shoulder.'

1130. **castle.** This elevation of the village stocks and whipping-post into an enchanted castle is one of Butler's happiest efforts. Generations of critics have exhausted their praise upon it, yet it remains as enjoyable as ever.

1163. **spoils,** of the chase, usually the skin. The case, as the outer covering, would be regarded as the 'spoils' of the fiddle. Nash quite needlessly proposes to read 'His spoils, the fiddle and the case.'

1162. **like hermit poor in pensive place.** This is the first line of a love song. It goes:—

'Like hermite poor in pensive place obscure,
I meane to spend my dayes of endles doubt,
To wail such woes as time cannot recure
Where nought but Love shall ever finde me out.'

'My foode shall be of care and sorrow made,
My drinke nought else but tears falte from mine eies ;
And for my light in such obscured shadé
The flames may serve that from my hart arise.'

'A gowne of grief my bodie shall attire,
And broken hope shall be my strength and stay ;
And late repentance linckt with long deaire
Shall be the couch whereon my limbs Ile lay ;
And at my gate Despair shall linger still
To let in Death when Love and Fortune will.'

1171. **the other,** the wooden leg.

1174. **a stranger.** Alluding probably to the case of Sir Bernard Gascoign, who was taken prisoner at Colchester and ordered out for execution, but reprieved at the last moment owing to his being a foreigner. Cf. Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, Ed. 1828, vol. vi. p. 100.

PART I.—CANTO III.

1. **ay me, &c.** Cf. Spenser:—

'Ay me ! how many perils do enfold
The virtuous man to make him daily fall.'

Faerie Queene, Bk. I. c. 8.

10. **what if a day.** Grey quotes this ballad from Vol I., No. 52, of the 'Old Ballads,' in Mr. Pepys's Library in Madgalene College, Cambridge:—

'What if a day or a month or a year
Crown thy delights,
With a thousand wish't contentings !
Cannot the chance of a night or an hour
Cross thy delights
With as many sad tormentings ?'

14. **cock-a-hoop.** Fr. *cog & huppe*. Like a cock with his houpe or crest erect; hence boastfully defiant.

20. **diurnal.** Cf. I. ii. 268.

31. **sought.** So in the first editions, whose long 's's' have caused a variation 'fought.'

35. **took heart again.** The first edition reads 'took heart of grace.'

37. First edition reads, 'For by this time the routed bear.'

95. **Widdrington.**

'For Withrington needs must I wail
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He sought upon the stumps.'

The More Modern Ballad of Chevy Chase.

102. **long-field Parthians.** A vast amount of learning and ingenuity has been spent over interpreting and emending this line, by scholars whose speculations (and spectacles) seem never to have brought them within sight of a cricket-bat.

103. **as to be borne.** Cf.

'Hos super advenit, Volsca de gente, Camilla
Agmen agens equitum, et florentes aero catervas,
Bellatrix : non illa colo calathisve Minervae'

Femineas adsueta manus, sed proelia virgo
 Dura pati, cursuque pedum praevertere ventos.
 Illa vel intactae segetis per summa volaret
 Gramina, nec teneras cursu lascisset aristas;
 Vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumenti
 Ferret iter, celeres nec tingueret aquore plantas.'

VIRGIL, *Aeneid* vii. 802.

106. **Liquor.** Witches rode on broomsticks and *greased* them that they might go faster. 'Cart-wheels squeak not when they are *liquored*.'—BACON, *Natural History*, § 117.

130. 'Needs must when the devil drives,' is an old proverb.

134. **staved and tailed.** Cf. I. ii. 163, and note.

138. **before.** Cf.

'Siward. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siward. Why, then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs

I would not wish them to a fairer death.'

Macbeth, Act V. Sc. vii.

139. **Achilles.** His mother, Thetis, dipped him when an infant in the river Styx, thus rendering him invulnerable in every part except the heel she held him by. Through this undipt or 'pagan' heel he received his death at the hand of Paris.

141. **dead-doing.** Cf. I. ii. 20, and note.

147. **Austrian archduke.** This is the Archduke Albert, who was defeated by Prince Maurice of Nassau in 1598. Grey quotes, 'Dux Albertus, dum spes superfluit, totam per aciem obequitans, serebatur cum Diestanis, et in hostem processerat intecto vultu quo notius exemplum foret, atque ita factum, ut haste cuspide a Germano milite auris perstringeretur.' (HUGONIS GROTI, *Historias de Rob. Belgic.* lib. 9, p. 568, ed. Amstelodami, 12°, 1658.)

149. **half the coin.** It seems now almost impossible to explain fully the allusion here. No coin is known in the British Museum by the name of *ducaloon*. It seems most probable from the formation of the word (-oon meaning something big, as in *balloon*, &c.) that the coin alluded to is the large gold piece of the Emperor Ferdinand II., 1619-1637, of five ducats. On this coin the ruff round the neck is very conspicuous and the ear large, but hardly large enough to warrant Butler's satire that it covers 'half the coin.' Such a coin would have been worth between two and three pounds English, containing twenty florins each valued at about two English shillings, but probably worth more now. But against this probability there is the testimony of Locke, who says in his *Considerations of*

the Lowering of Interest, ‘A ducatoon formerly passed at 3 guilders and 3 stivers, or 63 stivers.’ Now as the guilder was rated at 2 shillings and 4 pence English, the ducatoon would be thus about seven shillings. This coincides neither with the coin mentioned above nor with the ‘half ducat’ which most of the commentators give as the meaning of the word *ducatoon*. There is also an Italian gold ducatoon mentioned as valued at 4 shillings and 8 pence, and a rare Swiss coin of the same name, which last, however, has no head at all, and *a fortiori* no ear. In Cleveland’s *Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbyter*, is a similar allusion—

‘Those church dragoons
Made up of ears and ruffs like ducatoons.’

152. **scriv’ner.** Lawyers were called *scriveners*. For dishonesty or forgery they were condemned to the loss of their ears in the pillory. Cf. ‘A crop-eared scrivener this.’—*BEN JONSON, Masque of Owls, sub. fin.*

153. **late corrected.** It is said that Prynne, the first time his ears were cut off, had them stitched on again, and that they grew.

154. **brethren.** Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton all suffered the same sentence at the same time, 1637. Prynne was summoned by Laud before the Star Chamber for writing his *Historiomatica*, and even in prison he continued to denounce the bishops as ‘Lords of Lucifer.’ Bastwick was a fellow prisoner with Prynne, and declared from his prison that hell had broke loose and the Devils were come in surplices. Burton was a clergyman who had been silenced by the High Commission, and who described the bishops as Limbs of the Beast and Factors of Anti-christ. It must not be supposed, however, that the better class of the Puritans in England sympathized with violences of this sort. Milton wrote his *Masque of Comus* the year after the publication of Prynne’s folio of declamation against stage plays.

155. **the ring.** Butler seems to have forgotten that the bear broke loose from the ring in I. ii 900. The two lines were probably written at widely different times. Cf. Introduction, p. xvii.

159. **in a cool shade.** These lines will suffice to prove that the roughness of Butler’s verse was a matter of deliberate choice, and that had he been so minded, he could have produced as polished numbers as any of his contemporaries.

160. **Eglantine.** Cf.

‘Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine.’

MILTON, *L’Allegro*, l. 45.

166. **Theorbo.** A kind of musical instrument somewhat akin to the guitar.

183. **Coil.** Tumult. Cf.

'I am not worth this coil that's made for me.'

SHAKS. *King John*, Act. II. Sc. i. 165.

and—

'Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?'

Tempest, Act. I. Sc. ii. 207.

184. **Hylas**, the favourite of Herakles, whom he accompanied on the Argonautic expedition. Going to draw water from a fountain, the nymphs of the fountain seized him. Cf.—

'His adjungit, Hylan nautae quo fonte relictum
Clamassent, ut littus, Hyla! Hyla! omne squaret.'

VIRGIL, *Ecl.* vi. 43.

192. **small poet's splay-foot rhymes.** Many poets had availed themselves of the device of introducing an Echo which should repeat words or syllables with more or less appositeness. Erasmus contrived an Echo to answer in Greek or Latin or Hebrew, wherein occurs the famous reply of Echo: *Juvenis*, Decem jam annos statem trivi in Cicerone. *Echo "Ore. (Colloquia Familiaria*, under title *Echo*, Ed. 1774, p. 599.) Sir Philip Sidney in his *Arcadia* has a long poem on the same plan.

202. **marry quep.** 'Marry' is of course 'By Mary.' 'Guep,' if it ever had a meaning, has quite lost it.

208. **mum budget.** Cf.

Slender. 'I went to her in white and cried "Mum," and she cried "budget," as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.'—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act. V. Sc. v.

209. **laid i' th' dish.** Laid at thy door, brought as an accusation against you. Cf.

'Last night you lay it, madam, in our dish,
How that a maid of ours (whom we must check)
Had broke your bitchea leg: I straight did wish
The baggago rather broken had her neck.'

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON, *Epigrams*, I. 27.

213. **a-vengeance.** In the name of vengeance.

222. **stomach.** In tragic verse this organ was long the seat of anger. Cf.

'High stomached are they both and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.'

Richard II. Act. I. Sc. i.

252. **huffing.** 'Huff' is a piece of arrogance. Cf. II. ii. 389, and see also the quotation from Crowne in Johnson's *Life*

of Dryden (Clarendon Press Series, p. 21). ‘I think Abdalla so wise a man that if Almanzor had told him piling his men upon his back might do the feat, he would scarce bear such a weight for the pleasure of the exploit; but it is a *kuff*, and let Abdalla do it if he dare.’

256. *I for the washing gave my head,* surrendered easily. Grey quotes—

‘*1st Citizen.* It holds he dies this morning.

‘*2nd Citizen.* Then happy man be his fortune.

‘*1st Citizen.* And so am I and forty more good fellows, that will not give their heads for the washing.’

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Cupid's Revenge*, Act IV.

258. Var. Lec. ‘O' th' rascals, but loss of my bear.’ First edition.

267. *hugger-mugger.* There is a Danish word *Huger*, to squat, or lie in ambush. *Mugger* is also of Danish origin, connected with *smug* and *smuggle*. Thus *hugger-mugger* means ‘secrecy.’ Cf. III., iii. 123, and

‘We have done but greenly
In hugger-mugger to inter him.’

Hamlet, Act. IV. Sc. v. 82.

277. *hold tack.* Last out, bear a strain. This seems to be an older word than *attack*.

312. *widow's jointure-land.* Cf. ‘Widows are indeed the great game of your fortune-hunters. There is scarce a young fellow in the town of six foot high that has not passed in review before one or other of these wealthy relics. Hudibras's cupid who

‘took his stand
Upon a widow's jointure-land,’

is daily employed in throwing darts and kindling flames’ (*Spectator*, No. 311). Hudibras's particular widow is probably meant for one Mrs. Tomson, who had a jointure of £200 a year.

318. *purtenance.* The same thing that used to be called the *pluck* of an animal—the heart, liver, and lights,—whence ‘a man of pluck.’ For this use of ‘purtenance,’ cf. Exodus xii. 9: ‘Eat not of it raw, nor sodden at all with water, but roast with fire; his head with his legs, and with the purtenance thereof.’

325. *ant's eggs.* Supposed to be a remedy for the sufferings of unsuccessful lovers. Various nastinesses are enumerated as the ingredients of ‘love-pots,’ by Reginald Scot in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (Book VI. chap. vii.), such as the brain of a cat, the bone of a frog from which the flesh has been eaten away by ants, &c.

328. **Pygmalion.** King of Cyprus, who carved the form of a maiden in ivory (not stone), and becoming enamoured of the image, prayed to Aphrodite to endow it with life. The prayer was granted, and by her he became the father of Paphus. Cf. Ovid, *Metam.* X. 247 *sq.*, where the tale is beautifully told:—

‘Interea niveum mira feliciter arte
Sculpsit ebur, formamque dedit qua femina nasci
Nulla potest, operisque sui concepit amorem.’ &c.

338. **heyday.** The original reading: afterwards altered to *haday*.

344. **witch's prayer.** It is an old superstition that to say the Lord's Prayer backwards would raise the devil.

348. This line appears to contain an allusion to a taunt aimed at the Roman Catholics, that by denying to the laity the use of the Bible and Prayer-book in English, they showed a belief that ignorance is the mother of devotion.

351. The construction is—‘He's fain to love like caitiff vile,’ &c.

353. **a tumbler.** A full account of this dog is given in the Latin treatise, *Joannis Caii de Canibus Britannicis*. This was translated into English, by Abraham Fleming, in 1576, of which an exact reprint was issued, 1880, by the publishers of *The Bazaar*. This is the treatise, *Of Englishe Dogges*, the earliest book on the subject in the language.

355. **coney.** A rabbit.

355. **oppugnē.** Three syllables. The correct reading.

386. **invious ways.** Cf.

‘Virtus recludens immeritis mori
Coelum negata tentat iter via.’

HORACE, *Carm.* III. ii. 21.

So also Ovid, *Metam.* XIV. 113, ‘Invia virtuti nulla est via.’

395. **fortes fortuna adjuvat.** A well-worn Latin proverb. Terence, *Phormio*, I. iv. 25; Cicero, *Tusculan Disp.* II. iv. 11.

398. **spick and span new.** Johnson's derivation of this phrase is from *spannen*, A.S. to stretch; and so of cloth newly taken from being stretched on the *spikes* or tenter-hooks. Another explanation is that it means bright (Italian *spicco*, brightness), and newly spun. Grey makes it to be derived from *spike*, a nail, and *span*, both of which are measures of cloth; and so the phrase to mean *newly measured off the piece*.

piping hot. As if just out of a kettle that ‘pipes’ or ‘sings.’

428. **anothergates.** Of another sort.
 437. **said,** carefully spelt *sed* in all the early editions.
 444. 'To take the field and sally at.' Edition 1674.
 472. 'Haunts by turns.' First Edition.
 478. **called upon his mistress' name.** Cf. *Don Quixote*
passim.
 480. **whinyard.** Cf. I. ii. 937, and 1120; I. iii. 523.
 516. **stickle.** Cf. I. ii. 437.
 523. **loosed his weapon.** Ed. 1674.
 530. **fatal** = fated. This use of *fatal* for *fated* seems to
 be very rare.
 535. **gaberidine.** A loose outer coat. Cf. 'Alas, the
 storm is come again, my best way is to creep under his
 gaberdine.'—SHAKS. *Tempest*, II. ii. 36.

Also

'You call me misbeliever, cut-throat-dog,
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine.'
 SHAKS. *Merchant of Venice*, I. iii. 112.

537. **habergeon.** Body armour. Here the tinker's
 wallet.

560. The Edition of 1674 reads 'And forced their sullen
 rage to part.' The reading in the text is that of the First
 Edition.

590. **appropinque.** Approach. One of Hudibras's 'hard
 words.' Cf. I. i. 111.

610. **take place.** Precedence. Cf. I. ii. 146.

612. **bony.** 'Bonny' in editions previous to 1678.

617. **as a man may say.** A hit at poets who eke out
 their metre with unnecessary padding.

'While expletives their feeble aid do join,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.'

POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, l. 346.

These lines in the Edition of 1674 run thus:—

'The active squiro with might and main
 Prepared in haste to mount again.'

628. **Promethean powder.** Prometheus claimed to have
 taught men the art of medicine. Cf.

τὰ λοιπά μου κλίνοντα θαυμάσει πάλον,
 οἵας τέχνας τε καὶ πόρος ἐμησάμην.
 τὸ μὲν μέγιστον, εἴ τις ἔτσον πέσοι
 οὐκ οὔτη ἀλέξημ' οὐδεν, οὐτε βράσιμον,

οὐ χριστὸν, οὐτε πιστόν· ἀλλὰ φαρμάκων
χρεῖς κατεσκέλλοντο, τρίν γ' ἔγω σφίσιν
ἴθεται κράσεις πήνεις ἀκομιστῶν,
αἷς τὰς ἄποδας ἐξαύνονται νόσους.

AESCHYLUS, *Prometheus Vindus*, v. 484.

638. **happy man be's dole.** May his fate be to be happy. Cf. 'If it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole.'—SHAKS. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. iv. 68.

652. **King Richard.** Allusion to the fate of Richard III slain at Bosworth Field. His body was thrown across a horse and carried off carelessly for burial.

724. **called him by his name.** 'Ἐνος τ' Ἰφατ' ἵκ τ'
δυμαῖς, a phrase frequent in Homer. Cf. *Iliad*, I. 362, &c.

728. **profligate, put to flight.**

736. **Veni, Vidi, Vici,** Caesar's celebrated despatch to Rome after the battle of Zela, where he defeated Pharnaces. See Plutarch's *Life of Caesar*.

759. **Servare.** Cf. III. 3, 261.

791. **now my right.** This was the law of arms in tournaments. See Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, chapter xi.

795. **upon tick.** 'Tick' means *ticket*, the acknowledgement of debt by an I. O. U.

812. **by law of arms.** 'In such a case' alludes to the 'trivial force' of l. 808. To attempt to defend any position with a wholly inadequate force was held to be an offence at martial law which deprived those committing it of all right to quarter. Cf. 'If I do not bestow a brace of balls on that rogue engineer, it is because I would not incur the penalty inflicted by martial law, which condemns to the edge of the sword all persons who attempt to defend an untenable post.' 'Wearest thou so white a beard, and knowest thou not, that to refuse surrendering an indefensible post, by the martial law deserves hanging?'

SIR W. SCOTT, *Woodstock*, ch. xxxiii.

844. **dead-doing.** Cf. Note on I. ii. 20.

857-866. Instead of these ten lines, which first appeared in the Edition of 1674, the first Editions read:—

'Shall I have quarter now, you ruffin?
Or wilt thou be worse than thy huffing?
Thou said'st th' would'st kill me, marry would'st thou:
Why dost thou not, thou Jack-a-Nods thou?'

865. The exact origin of the saying about catching a Tartar seems dubious. It is (of course) put down to the credit of a

Paddy soldier. Grey, quoting Peck's *New Memoirs of Milton*, traces it to Tamerlane and Bajazet.

878. **he that is down.** 'Qui jacet in terra non habet unde cadat.' Grey quotes:—

'Our money shall never indite us
Nor drag us to Goldsmith's Hall;
No Pyrats nor wrecks can affright us;
We that have no Estates
Fear no Plunder nor Rates,
We can sleep with open Gates;
He that lies on the ground cannot fall.'

'The Merry Goodfellow,' *Loyal Songs*, Vol. I. p. 200.

884. **T' employ.** Cf. 'The most renowned heroes have ever with such tenderness cherished their captives, that their swords did but cut out work for their courtesie.'

CLEVELAND. *Petition to the Lord Protector.*

886. **slubberdegullion.** Cf. the first of the two 'Orations' at Mr. Coriat's 'Entertainement at Bassom's Inns' in the *Laugh and be Fat* of John Taylor the Water Poet. It begins: 'Contaminous, pestiferous, preposterous, stygmatcally, slavonious, *slubberd:gullions.*' The word seems to mean a drivelling idiot.

893. **by military law.** Cf. I. 791 and note.

910. **Lob's pound,** cant name for the stocks. 'Lobby' is said to be connected with it. Cf.

'She, delivered,
Had store of crowns assigned her by her patron,
Who forced the gentleman, to save her credit,
To marry her and say he was the party
Found in lob's pound.'

MASSINGER, *Duke of Milan*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

In this passage it seems to be used for any unpleasant kind of 'fix.'

917. **gaberдинe.** Cf. I. 535 and note.

924. **pantaloons.** The wide loose breeches whose memory is still preserved in the pantaloon of the pantomimes.

926. **port-canions.** Bunches of ribands suspended from the knee of the breeches.

989. **black art.** That is *magic*, but a tinker's is necessarily a 'black art.'

1003. **i' th' wretched hole.** The first edition and that of 1704, read 'in Hockly i' th' hole,' the name for the holes in the stocks confining the feet. Grey quotes an old ballad called 'Hockley i' th' Hole,' to the tune of 'the Fiddler in the Stocks.'

1023. because he had but one. Cf.

'Unus Pellaeo juveni non sufficit orbis :
 Aestuat infelix angusto limite mundi,
 Ut Gyarae clausus scopulis parvaque Seriphos :
 Quum tamen a figulis muniam intraverit urbem,
 Sarcophago contentus erit.'

JUVENAL, *Sat.* x. 168.

1025. **Diogenes**, the great Cynic philosopher, lived from B.C. 412 to B.C. 323. According to the common story he lived in a tub belonging to the Metroum, or temple of the Mother of the Gods. The story goes, that whilst resident at Corinth he was visited by Alexander the Great, who inquired how he could serve him, and received for answer the celebrated request 'stand out of my sunshine.'

1039. **sanggilled**. Lat. *sugillo*, to beat black and blue.

1050. **truckle-bed**. Small bed on castors.

1062. **hour-glass**. Used in pulpits to time the sermon.

1080. **synodical**. This word in the mouth of an Independent would be equivalent to 'Presbyterian'; the allusion being to church government by assemblies from many churches as contrasted with the independent government of each congregation by its own officers. Cf. Introduction, p. xxv.

1099. **Prolocutor**. The title of the president of the Assembly of Divines. Dr. Twisse was chosen Prolocutor at the commencement of the sittings of this Assembly in July, 1643.

scribe. The title of the secretaries to the same assembly. Mr. Byfield and Mr. Roborough were the first 'Scribea'.

1105. **stave and tail**. Cf. I. 134 and I. ii. 163, and note.

1118. Cf. Daniel vii. 5.

1122. **baited the Pope's bull**. A certain Henry Burton, rector of St. Matthew, Friday Street, published in 1627 a pamphlet entitled *The Baiting of the Pope's Bull*.

1125. **orders, constitutions, &c.** Church discipline was one of the most knotty subjects of discussion in the Assembly of Divines, and these terms became household words in their discussions. See *Propositions concerning Church Government and Ordination of Ministers*, London, 1647, 12mo.

1133. **to dispose**. Cf. Introduction, p. xxvi.

1152. **Triers**. Officers appointed to examine candidates for orders. A long account of their proceedings may be found in Walker's *Sufferings of the Episcopal Clergy*.

1156. **physiognomy of grace.** The Triers claimed great skill in this respect.

1161. **black caps, &c.** A Puritan fashion of the time.

1163. **serjeants.** The black coif on the head, badge of a serjeant-at-law.

1166. **cravat of Smeck.** ‘*Smectymnus*’ was a *nom-de-plume* compounded out of the initials of the five persons who unitedly wrote under that appellation—Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, William Spurstow. They wore a handkerchief about their necks by way of distinction, and this Butler ridicules as the ‘cravat of Smeck.’

1181. **Bel and the Dragon,** Apocrypha, v. 15.

1191. **clerks** = clergy. Allusion to the priests slaying the victims with their own hands.

1198. **directory.** The current name for the Regulations for Public Worship.

1224. **bishop-secular.** Many of the great continental bishoprics are conspicuous in the history of the Thirty Years' War. Several of them, Verdun, Magdeburg, &c., were secularized by the Treaty of Westphalia.

1238. **bolter, a sieve.**

1258. **Elenchi.** The word *Elenchus* properly means a refutation. The word is best known in the logical phrase *Ignoratio Elenchi*, the fallacy committed by one who instead of really meeting and replying to an opponent's argument, talks at large upon something off the point.

1259. **mood and figure.** Syllogistic arguments are said to vary in *figure* according to the position of the middle term in the premisses; in *mood* according to the quality and quantity of the propositions of which they are composed. See any elementary treatise on Logic.

1280. **specific difference.** The particular quality or attribute, or assemblage of qualities or attributes, by the possession of which the species is marked off from the rest of the genus in which it is contained, is called the *Differentia*, or ‘Specific Difference.’ Cf. Mill's *Logic*, Vol. I. p. 144; (Book I. Chap. vii. § 5).

1282. **Socrates.** The name of Sokrates is frequently used by Aristotle in his logical works in framing examples

of the arguments he expounds. The Knight desires to show his learning by using exactly the same example. Cf. Aristotle, *Posterior Analytics*, ii. 13.

1288. *can be no synod.* A keen stroke of satire. The disputes in the Assembly of Divines on the subject of discipline, and the application of church penalties such as censure, excommunication, &c., were long and fierce.

1307. *whelp'd without form, &c.* A very old superstition about the bear. Cf. 'Hi sunt candida informisque caro, paullo muribus major, sine oculis, sine pilo; unguis tantum prominent; hanc lambendo paullatim figurant.' — PLINY, *Natural History*, viii. 54. Cf. also—

'Nec catulus, partu quem reddidit ursa recenti,
Sed male viva caro est: lambendo mater in artus
Fingit et in formam, quantum capit ipsa, reducit.'
OVID, *Metam.* xv. 879.

and

'So watchful Brain forms with plastic care
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.'

POPE, *Dunciad*, i. 101.

1317. *Chimera.* A female fire-breathing monster with the head of a lion, the tail of a dragon and the body of a goat. So Homer describes her (*Iliad* vi. 181).

τρόποθε λέων, ἔπιστερ δὲ δράκων, μέσον δὲ χίμαιρα.

Later legends invested her with additional horrors, the body being itself of a fiery substance according to Ovid—

'Quoque Chimera jugo mediis in partibus ignem,
Pectus et ora leæ, caudam serpentis habebat.'

Metamorphoses, ix. 647.

'Esse Chimoram
A truce quæ flammis separat angue leam.'

Tristia, iv. 7, 13.

1329. *Ranter.* The Ranters were an extreme sect of the time. It is almost impossible to learn anything now about them, as the accounts preserved to us were written by their enemies and are wholly untrustworthy. Grey quotes from Alexander Ross (*View of all Religions*, 6th Edition, p. 273)—'They held that God, Devil, Angels, Heaven and Hell were fictions and fables: that Moses, John Baptist, and Christ were impostors; and what Christ and the Apostles acquainted the world with as to matters of Religion perished with them; that preaching and praying are useless, and that preaching is but public lying;

that there is an end of all ministry and administrations, and people are to be taught immediately from God,' &c. It is only necessary to compare the beginning and end of this extract in which apparently Grey saw neither contradiction nor absurdity, to see how little justice was evidently done them by contemporary writers.

1346. *Little David.* I. Samuel xvii. 38.

1356. *Jump right.* Cf. I. i. 626.

1365. *fustian.* Cf. I. i. 98, and note.

1373. *disparata,* things logically incomparable. *Colour* cannot be measured against *heat*, &c.

THE END.

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